VOL. CCX, No. 2734

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THE SPHERE, JULY 5, 1952
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The SPHERE

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1677

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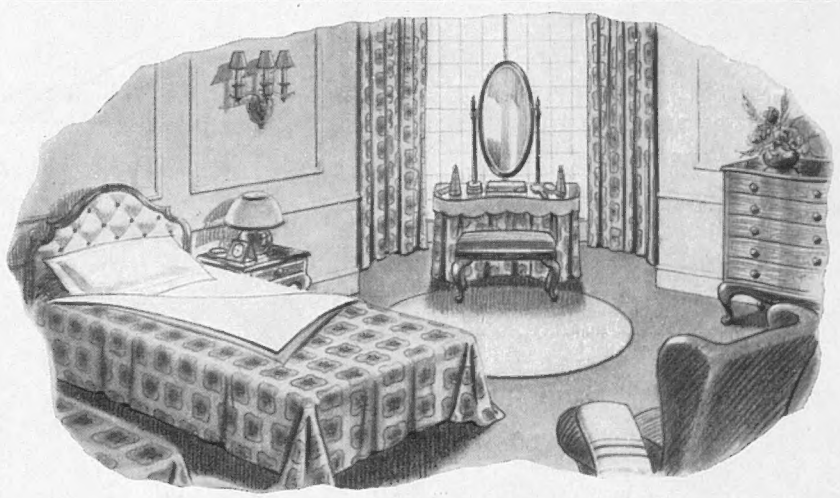

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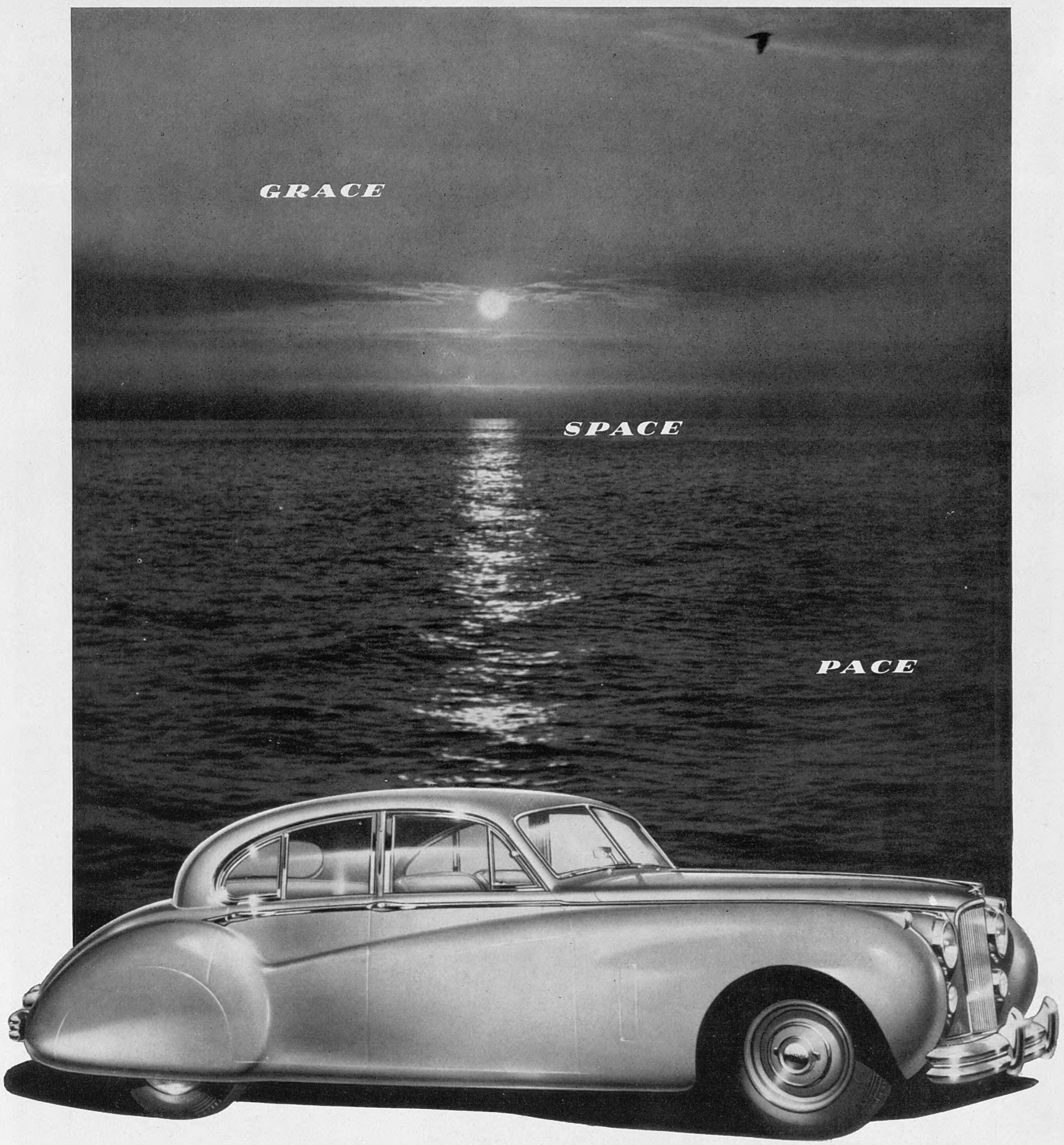

In many lands in many languages the world's press has paid generous tribute to the Jaguar. Let their words on the Mark VII Saloon speak for themselves. "Indescribable beauty . . .[1]*, remarkably modern, yet in impeccable good taste.*[2] *Its roomy body seats six in comfort.*[3] *Four large suit-cases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed.*[4] *With its famous XK120 engine, it can do a hundred plus miles an hour.*[5] *Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest.*[6] *"*

1. LE MATIN, PARIS 2. LE MONDE, PARIS 3. THE QUEEN 4. DAILY TELEGRAPH 5. NEW YORKER 6. DAILY HERALD

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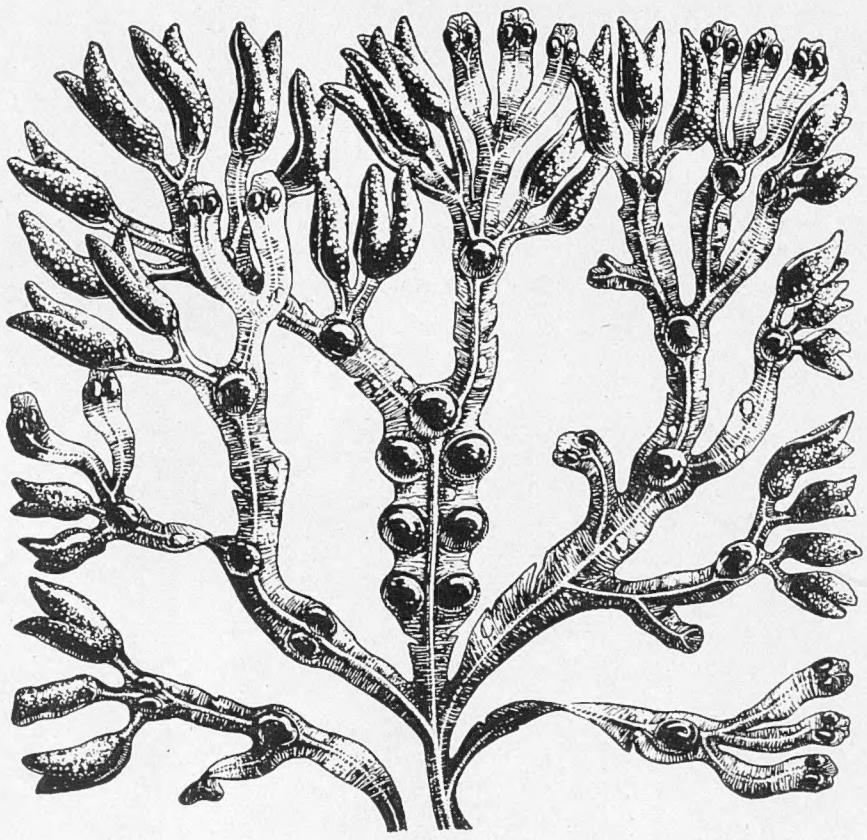

IODINE

THE element iodine, best-known in the form of the antiseptic solution "tincture of iodine", is found only in combination with other substances. Discovered in 1811, it was later identified as one of the elements by Sir Humphry Davy and by the French scientist Gay-Lussac. Iodine is present in minute quantities in sea-water, and is recovered from kelp, the ash of certain kinds of seaweed. Small but valuable quantities of the element are also obtained from brine wells in America and Java, but by far the greater part of the world's supply is extracted from caliche—a natural form of sodium nitrate found in the desert region of Northern Chile. Because iodine is essential to health, it is sometimes added, in the form of potassium iodide, to table salt and animal feeding-stuffs. It is widely used as an antiseptic, and in the treatment of thyroid deficiency. Other iodine compounds play an important part in the sensitising of photographic films and plates, and in chemical analysis.

I.C.I. makes 'Salodine' iodised table salt, and iodised salt licks for livestock. It also uses iodine compounds in the manufacture of certain aniline dyes for the textile industry.

ICI

Volume CCX No. 2734 The SPHERE, London, July 5, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH AT WIMBLEDON—LEWIS HOAD AND KEN ROSEWALL, TWO SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIANS, ENTERING THE CENTRE COURT TO PLAY AGAINST THE AMERICANS SAVITT AND MULLOY: Hoad and Rosewall beat their older and more experienced opponents by 6—4, 8—6, 1—6, 3—6, 7—5, receiving an ovation which has seldom been equalled in the annals of Wimbledon. At one period the Americans had a match-point in their favour.

There was a school-story climax to the first week at Wimbledon, a week of perfect sunshine and superb tennis, which had brought no surprises in the singles events, when the young Australians Hoad and Rosewall won a memorable doubles match against the seeded American players Mulloy and Savitt. The crowd, violently partisan for no other reason than it enjoyed the spectacle of youth having its fling, saw Hoad and Rosewall win the first two sets convincingly, finding the empty places on the court with uncanny accuracy. Mulloy and Savitt then pulled up to two sets all by dint of steady concentration, and in the final set the games reached five all. It was then that Hoad and Rosewall showed their true qualities. Calm in the midst of crisis, they took the tiring Mulloy's service, and then Hoad served for the match, producing one service ace while his partner clinched another point with a rackets shot from the baseline, a shot that went right down the middle of the court between the two beaten Americans. It was a fine finale to Wimbledon's opening week which brought 140,000 people to the All-England courts. (See also pages 10 and 28-29 of this issue.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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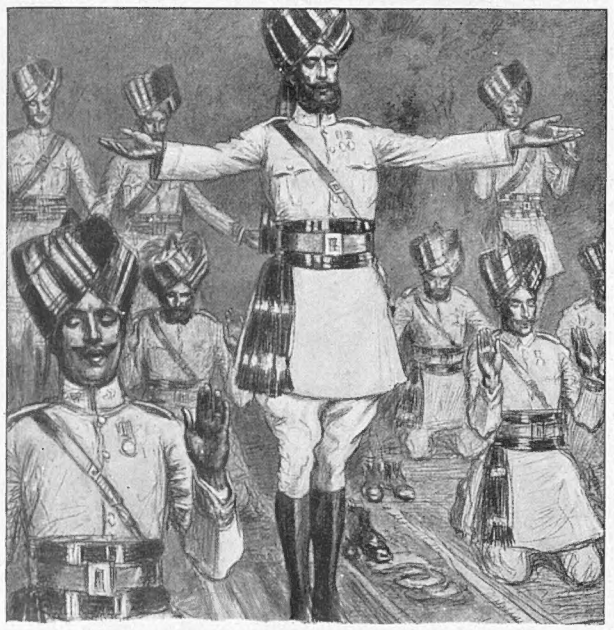
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE INDIANS PRAYING FOR THE KING'S RECOVERY: Officers of the Indian Army at prayer at Fulham in June 1902, when they were received by the Bishop of London shortly after the operation on King Edward VII—the operation which delayed the King's Coronation.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH

By the Rev. P. H. M. BRYANT

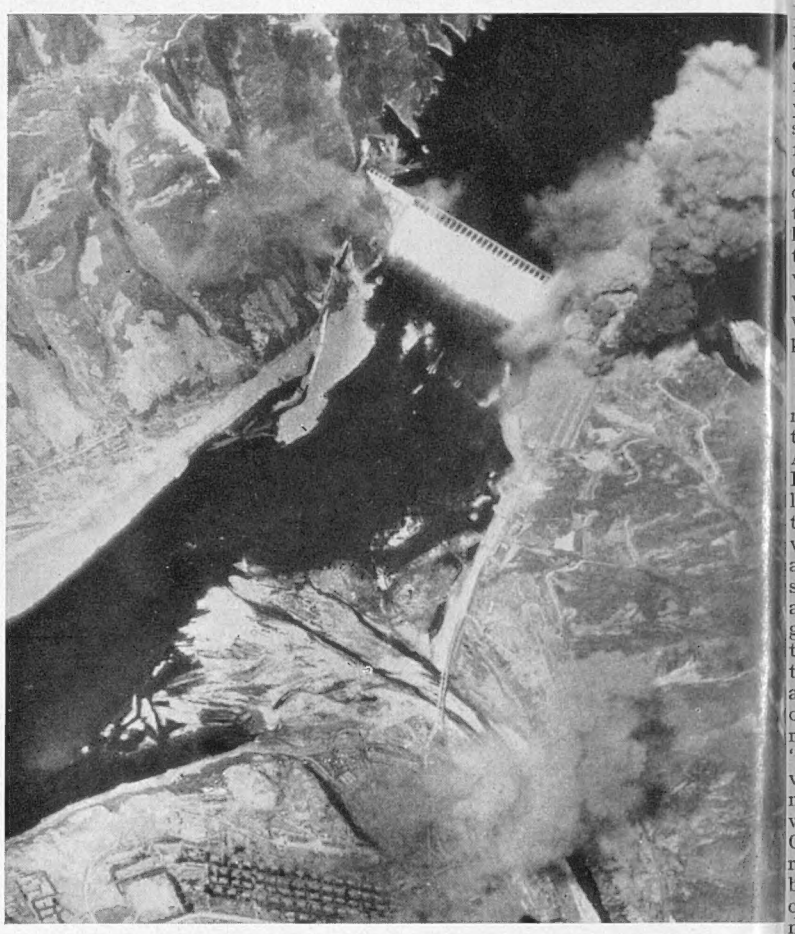
With Drawings by A. V. COVERLEY-PRICE

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Korea: A Trial of Toughness.—The 5th (Marine) Air Force, based at Seoul, was used the other day in an attempt to hasten the armistice negotiations in Korea by a touch of realism and toughness. This new policy we had most of us foreseen of late, when the limelight has once again centred on Korea. But we naturally assumed that Lord Alexander would have been consulted and informed of the plan. The months, the years pass, and still the delegates talk, wrangle or arrange another meeting round the table. Neither side wants war *à outrance*. Each side is thankful to lick its wounds. The Americans have an election on hand, the British are glad of a slightly reduced Korean over-head, the Communists are only too pleased to be left in peace to increase war output, build aerodromes, and in all ways to improve their aggressive potential. And so they sit and sit and talk and talk, and nothing comes of it. And now at last the U.N.'s patience has become exhausted, and a brilliant mass-organised bombing raid has knocked *pro tem.* most of the guts out of several big power plants supplying current to war and other factories in North Korea and Manchuria. The Yalu River plant was the central target, and had long since been accepted, even by our Labour Government, as a legitimate military target when occasion arose. The Air Force received no damage. They inflicted a lot, and returned next day to complete the job. For the next few weeks, at least, the Communists will gain less by spinning out talk. They will get a fresh reminder that the U.N. are not so utterly war weary as all that, and that words, even in the Far East, are not *capables de tout.*

BOMBS ON THE YALU RIVER DAM



SMOKE RISES FROM THE RIGHT END OF THE SUIHO POWER PLANT OVER THE YALU RIVER, IN NORTH KOREA, AFTER U.N. AIR FORCES HAD DROPPED 40,000 LB. OF BOMBS IN THE COURSE OF AN ATTACK ON JUNE 24. The hydro-electric plant, one of the largest in the world, was left in smoking ruins. The Manchurian shoreline is on the left. Marshalling yards in the foreground were hit in a later raid. More than 500 planes took part in the initial raid, which was directed against five of North Korea's largest hydro-electric power plants. After Britain's Foreign Secretary had told the House of Commons that the Government had not been informed or consulted before the attack, an announcement from Washington said that the failure of the United States to consult Britain before the bombing was due to a series of misunderstandings.

Reactions at Home.—Why, then, did this attempt to restore realism to the armistice talks evoke such anger and anxiety in our Opposition and, we may fairly add, induce the Premier to meet these outbursts with so great a restraint and infinite care? As I see it, these big raids may well risk an extension of war in the Far East. Many of the targets destroyed supply power to other than war industries in Manchuria; to that extent they "carried the war" into "forbidden" territory. A more potent reason for disquiet was Lord Alexander's admission before he left Washington that the proposed raids were not discussed with him by General Clark, albeit he was on the spot to examine every detail of the war and the armistice circumstances, and was concerned to secure for this country a greater say in Korean strategy. He returned to report to Mr. Churchill, and in the parliamentary debate which immediately followed, some of the legitimate anxiety was removed by carefully chosen phrases. One thing at least was made a little clearer than it has been ever since the armistice talks began. The Korean war is very much *war*, and armistice talks, even genuine talks, don't make it a picnic until they end in an armistice. A war fought with buttoned foils and velvet gloves is a fool's war. It remains to say that the use of the initials "U.N." in this Korean War has been overdone. The nation that has paid 90 per cent. of the piper's charges has called the tune without much effort to make gestures indicating consultation. And Mr. Churchill gave me the idea that he felt it to be so.

"Morrison Greets Gromyko."—Such was the front-page banner headline of the *Daily Herald* one day last week. There were photographs of both of them, and Morrison was saying (in half-inch letters): "Let us open a new chapter." So compelling is news attractively presented that I forgot the facts and conceived that it was an airport scene before the mass bands of reporters, and that our Foreign Secretary was grasping the new Ambassador's hand and that each was vowing eternal friendship to the other's country. In fact, all that had happened was that a member of the Opposition, in a speech at Keswick, had expressed the hope that the new Ambassador will be allowed to interpret fairly to Moscow the British mind and way of life. "What THE SPHERE thinks to-day, Ministers express to-morrow." I recollected I made the same point last week. It is very good fun sometimes to compare the news-value of current events as assessed by, say, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Herald*. I it the same country of which they write; is it the sam packet of news they handle? It is, of course, th prime duty of every editor to make a daily assessmen of news-values, and perhaps, to some degree, accordin to his political conscience. But this great Morrison Gromyko *entente* was a front-page splash only to th *Daily Herald*; an inconspicuous inch recorded it i the *Daily Telegraph*, and that, indeed, was all i deserved. Only the reported finding at last of Captai Kidd's treasure seemed to rank in an identical grad of importance in newspapers of all political colour

Coal.—It was a real pleasure to me to learn tha our "export target for coal has been raised again. This phrase, by the way, is a typical piece of bureau cratese, and no doubt has been trounced by Si E. Gowers as comparable with "stopping a bottle neck," and so forth. A target is a thing you hit Raising it doesn't necessarily enable you to get neare the bull. Anyway, we are aiming to export this yea considerably more tons abroad, mostly to Europe and already most of it has been sold. We are bull on coal. Coal is our foundation, and by the gettin and selling of coal we can quickest and most effectivel recede from bankruptcy and solve our foreign exchang problems. This hopeful effort may seem to depen solely on still greater efforts of the miners, and t increase the odds against the domestic consumer i Britain getting enough coal to carry him through nex winter. But I believe it is not quite like that. Th new mechanical coal-getters cut a great deal more coa unsuitable for domestic use, but good enough fo other (European) purposes, and consequently th Minister of Fuel has based his welcome decision o reasonably secure premises. £30,000,000 more o foreign exchange is not to be sniffed at, and let us hop this target will be "raised" again. We should cas in on our coal while the going is good. In a few year we may all heat ourselves by other means, and we ma have to sit on our black diamonds.

Golf.—Though my first lessons in golf wer taken on the children's course at St. Andrews an these eyes have watched the great Kirkaldy in action I never gave my mind to the game or kept my ey on the ball close enough to lower a handicap of 15 and after 1930, my clubs rusted and I preferred othe recreations. It was not until about ten years ago when I came by chance on a charity match on Wes Downs, by Bridport, that my interest in top-notch golf awoke. The players were a Whitcombe;

newly-risen star, Dai Rees; and a local hopeful named M. Faulkner, with a curious crouch for putting. I forget the fourth. The older star has somewhat set, the risen star is now at his zenith, and the local hopeful has risen to his zenith also. And in every big competition I watch the names of Rees and Faulkner with a fierce, personal interest and partisanship, which I suppose I should shed if I regularly watched top-notch golf. Such is the value of "going places." I am always thrilled by any piece of news out of places I have once visited in Canada, America, Italy, Belgium, Germany, or what not. I suppose seeing is believing. I can still vividly recall the scene at a curious little punch-bowl hole at West Bay and remember the remarks of Dai, who was new to the course. Perhaps if I saw or heard Aneurin Bevan in action, or Stalin or Dalton or Taft, I should follow their upward progress with sympathy as keen, partisanship as personal. As things are, I haven't . . . and I don't. Perhaps one day television will make me love all my neighbours, and admire all public men of every political complexion.

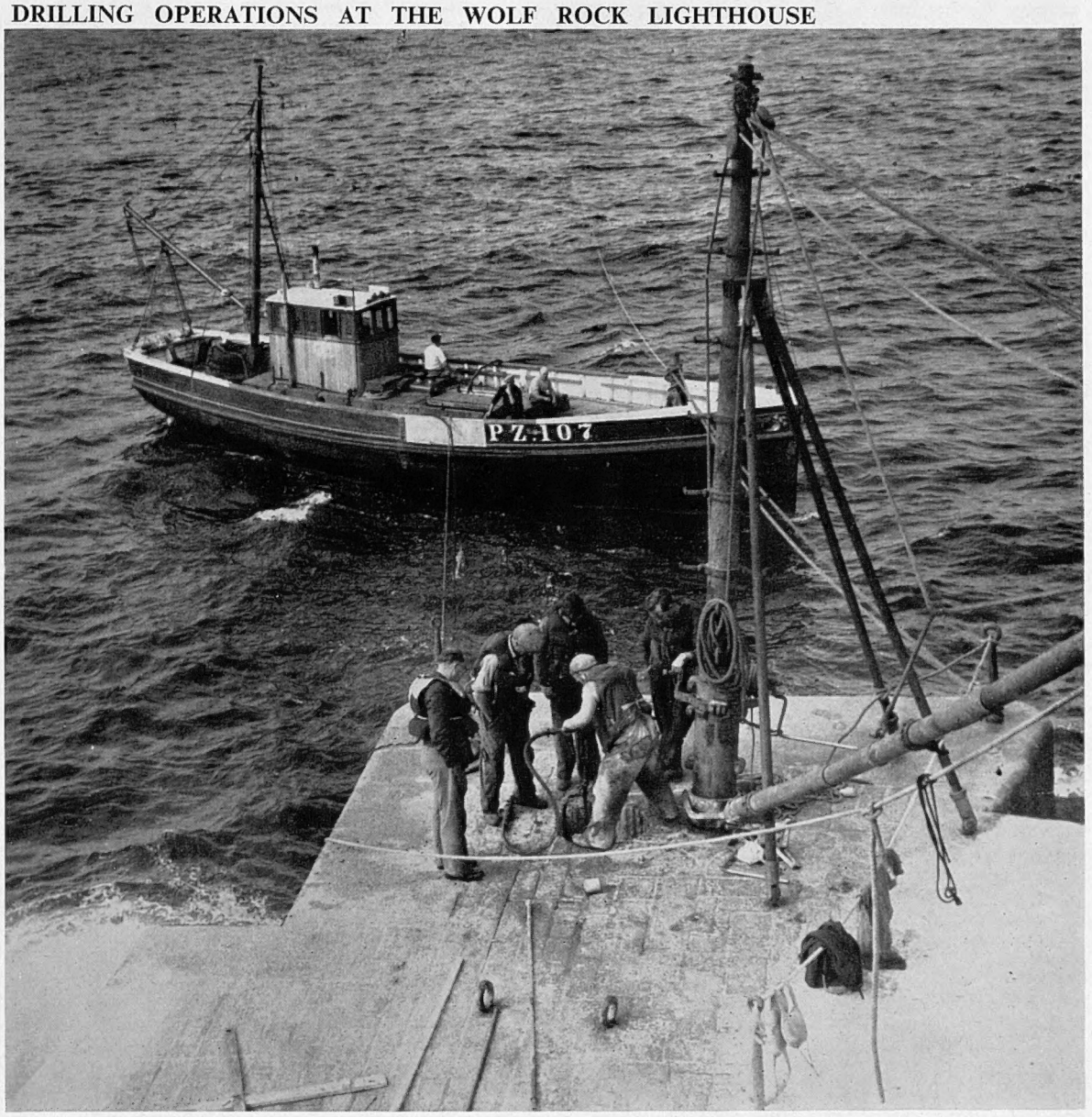
Wimbledon.—As I write, Wimbledon is in full swing. It is as smoothly and efficiently run a meeting as any we stage in this country of competent organisation. Lawn tennis is still vastly popular as a spectacle. I sometimes wonder if it will have the eternal appeal of cricket and football. Clearly, eternal appeal does not depend on speed or slowness of action. Cricket fans never falter. Rugger fans never change allegiance. Soccer fans are half the nation, though I sometimes suppose that other considerations besides the rigour of the game of soccer keeps its fans so fanatical. Of late years I have found that it is possible fairly soon to grow sated with even first-class polo. My earlier enthusiasm for lawn tennis has distinctly cooled. I can no longer endure the mechanical perfection and the eye-strain for more than an hour a year. As for first-class golf, I should become soon sated with its mechanical perfection. I was never a football fan, and when I investigate my undiminished devotion to watching cricket, I conclude that it is due to the comfortable leisureliness of the game from the observer's point of view, to some slight comprehension of the technique of bowling and batting, and to second-childishness. On the whole, I prefer watching village to Test cricket. That is a fine proof of cricket's virtues. For not even a fanatic would go out of his way to watch "vicarage" lawn tennis, or beginner's polo or private school football or 20-handicap golf.

"An Unguarded Moment."—A constant reader of THE SPHERE in Holland wrote the other day to the Editor complaining of a Press photograph of an American lady which had appeared in a recent issue. He thought the photograph was far from doing the lady justice, and he begged the Editor not to imitate the example of some American and English publications which have forgotten (or never had) old-world manners and tradition. I cannot usefully comment on this special case, as I have not by me a copy of the issue and do not remember the photograph. Speaking generally, I am an old stager and support old stagers in their last-ditch fight for old-world manners and tradition (though I sometimes lapse, as all humanity is apt to do). I think that Press photographers very often make the human race appear uglier and more ridiculous even that it is; but a snapshot taken in an "unguarded moment," as family albums show, is very likely to catch us on the wrong foot and make us mildly absurd. How often I have said to my children, when looking through some holiday snaps: "Good God, this is libellous; I can't be so hideous, so old, so ridiculous as that." But I think THE SPHERE would be one of the last journals I should trounce for discourteous intimacies of that kind. All America and most of the London "cheaps" are so far ahead in that particular line, that criticism by a SPHERE reader seems merely to put a halo on THE SPHERE'S old-world-mannered head and on the heads of its constant readers. When a Press photographer "waits for our unguarded hour," we must "watch and pray" that the film will fog or the Editor reject us. It remains to say that certain carefully posed photographs are even less flattering to their subjects than unguarded snaps.

"Wholly Traditional."—One more happy example of "What THE SPHERE hammers in to-day, *Jupiter* echoes to-morrow." Dr. Charles Raven has clearly been reading the "Newsletter" and has epitomised his agreement in a letter to *The Times* on the Coronation Service. He thinks (as I think) that the tradition-sleuths should be kept in check, and that our new Democracy and Commonwealth have earned some share in the new Sovereign's consecration. All our recent Coronations have been "wholly English and traditional and well-suited to the times of Edward VI (Sixth)." All the bishops, all the peerage, multiplied umpteen times, will have reserved seats and parts in the act of homage. One-tenth of the peerage perhaps take some part in their legislative responsibilities. But they all turn out for their privileges on the day; and their wives and mothers come, too. But there is "no status or recognition" for the leaders of Church and State in the Commonwealth, nor indeed for representatives of all the key institutions which help to turn the wheels of our new Democracy. "Quoth the Raven: Never more?" Yes, once again, Dr. Raven. You and I have been wasting ink. Tradition will win again. Our "new democracy" is still a paper transaction; if we are two nations in politics, we are united and "wholly English and traditional" in this: love of a lord still rules the roost in palace and cottage. Even Labour barons yearn for Viscountcies and Earldoms and Hereditary Chief Butlers will be all the rage in 1953.

THE OLD STAGER

DRILLING OPERATIONS AT THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE



DRILLING THROUGH PHONOLITE, ONE OF THE HARDEST KINDS OF ROCK IN THE WORLD, IN PROGRESS ON WOLF ROCK, EIGHT MILES OFF LAND'S END: A 7 ft. 8 ins. deep hole, 2 ft. 3 ins. in diameter, was being drilled to house a new crane-post for the use of the lighthouse, and the workmen took three weeks to reach a depth of 7 ft. The compressor for the drill was carried on the little Cornish fishing-boat *Renovelle*, which is seen in this picture. The main post for the crane, weighing 2½ tons, was to be floated to the rock from Penzance.

THE BRITISH TURBO-CAR'S SPEED TRIALS ON THE JABBEKE MOTORWAY

THE ROVER TURBO-CAR LEAVING THE STARTING-POINT DURING ITS RECENT TRIALS, WHEN IT REACHED OVER 151 M.P.H.: At the wheel was Peter Wilks, who shared the driving during the trials with his cousin, Spencer King. On the Jabbeke motorway, between Ostend and Ghent, where the trials took place, the car was timed by officials of the Royal Belgian Automobile Club at a speed of 151·965 m.p.h. over a distance of one kilometre. The first public test of the car took place at Silverstone two years ago. The present trials were not intended to break or set up records, since no records for gas-turbine cars exist. They were in the nature of further experiments and the occasion was another achievement for British engineers in the development of the world's first car of this kind. The car was an ordinary Rover 75 saloon, with the top removed and the normal piston engine and transmission replaced by a rear-mounted gas-turbine unit developing the equivalent of 200 brake horse-power. The fuel used was paraffin, carried in a tank under the bonnet.

EDINBURGH ACCLAIMS THE QUEEN

Her Majesty Makes Her First Entry Into th Scottish Capital Since Her Accession to the Thron

The illness of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was compelle to remain in London on account of an attack of jaundic made it necessary for the Queen to travel to Edinburgh alon on the first State visit of the reign to her Scottish capital, whe she took up residence at Holyroodhouse. The warmth of th Edinburgh greeting was typical of this warm-hearted city, an the Queen smiled with obvious pleasure as, sitting erect in h car, she drove through the streets from the station to the Palac It was not only a perfect summer's day, but a day of perfe timing. As the Royal car left Princes Street Station ten Vampir fighters of 603 (City of Edinburgh) Squadron flashed along th line of Princes Street from west to east, and at the same tim the first gun of the Royal salute boomed out from the Hal moon Battery. As one commentator said, if the Vampire had been six seconds earlier they would have been a mile fro the centre of Edinburgh at the moment when the Queen emerge Princes Street was a-flutter with flags and bunting for this Roy occasion. Every vantage-point on every building was taken u long before the Queen was due to arrive, and vendors of fla and streamers in red, white and blue did a roaring trade.

Her Majesty's first engagement during her Edinburgh st was a visit to Acheson House, the Scottish Craft Centre, an after that she went to the near-by Canongate Kirk. At bo places enthusiastic crowds collected.

THE QUEEN INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OF CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AT PRINCES STREET STATION, EDINBURGH : This was Her Majesty's first visit to her Scottish capital since the accession. It was a perfect summer's day and vast crowds lined the processional route to the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

THE CEREMONY OF THE KEYS : The Lord Provost, Mr. James Miller, presenting the Keys of Edinburgh to the Queen on her arrival at Princes Street Station. The Queen returned the keys, expressing confidence that they were in safe keeping.

AT THE SCOTTISH CRAFT CENTRE AT ACHESON HOUSE : The Queen purchasing a rabbit toy for the Royal nursery as she toured the showroom with Mrs. Ferguson, manageress of the Scottish Craft Centre. At Acheson House the Queen saw fine examples of silver engraving, glass, pottery and wrought-iron work.

THE QUEEN AT ACHESON HOUSE : Her Majesty passing through the crowds after her visit to th new home of the Scottish Craft Centre. Here the children from the Michaelis Nursery School we given a special opportunity to see the Queen, being allowed to stand in the Bakehouse Clos

ARRIVING AT THE CANONGATE KIRK : The Queen, with the Rev. Ronald Selby-Wright, the Minister, as th walked down the path lined by the choirboys of the Canongate. At the Kirk the Queen inspect renovation work which had been carried out since the Queen Mother visited the Kirk in 19

THE QUEEN WITH THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 69TH H.A.A. REGIMENT DRAWN UP IN FRONT OF HOLYROODHOUSE : This was the scene in the Palace forecourt following Her Majesty's arrival. The approach to Holyroodhouse was thickly lined with people, and the police had quite a task in keeping the way clear. On the right of the picture is the regimental band.

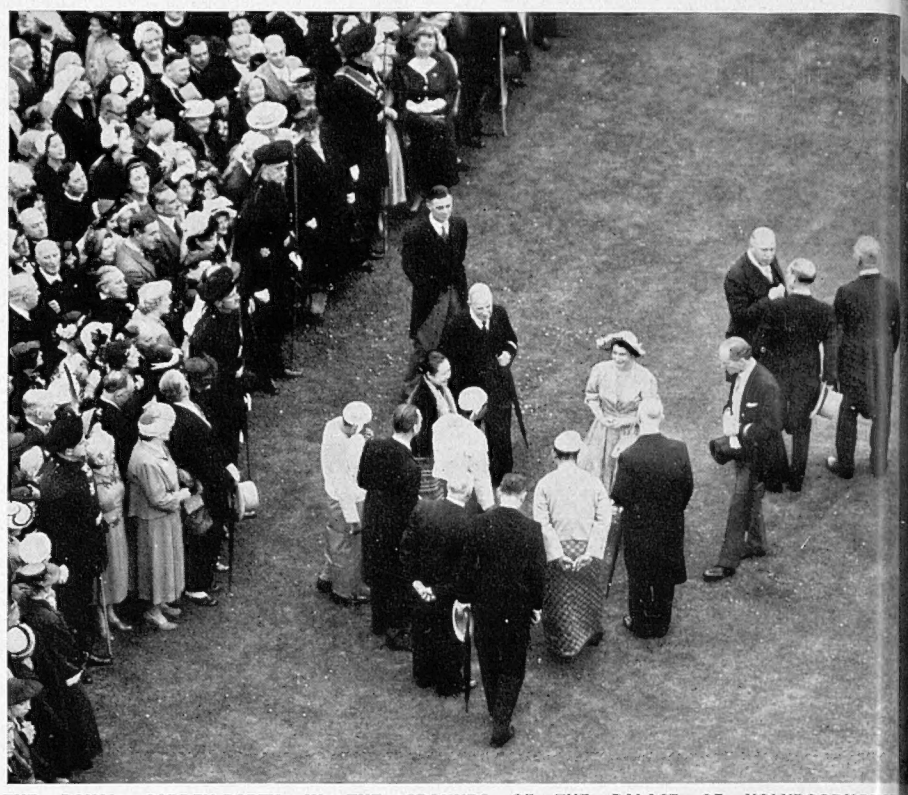
LEAVING THE CANONGATE KIRK : The Queen about to enter her car after inspecting the famous church, which has not been visited by a reigning Sovereign since the time of King Charles II. Before she left the Canongate churchyard the Queen planted a sapling of flowering cherry.

WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS : The Queen receiving a jewelled brooch from the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch who knelt before her with the brooch upon a cushion. The ceremony took place on the second day of the Queen's residence at Holyroodhouse.

WITH THE QUEEN IN HER SCOTTISH CAPITAL

AT THE THISTLE CHAPEL AND THE HOLYROODHOUSE GARDEN-PARTY—COUNTRY DANCING IN THE FORECOURT

THE QUEEN IN THE FLOWING MANTLE OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE WALKS IN PROCESSION TO THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER AT ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL: Behind the Queen's attendant walked the Duke of Gloucester. But for his illness the Duke of Edinburgh was to have been installed as a Knight of the Order. On this occasion the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and the Earl of Haddington were installed. To each of them the oath was administered by the Dean of the Thistle as they took their places.



THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE. The Queen receiving guests from the Commonwealth on the lawns. For two hours the Queen walked round the lawns, pausing at frequent intervals to speak to those who were brought forward for presentation. Perfect sunshine marked the occasion.

THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE SEEN FROM THE PALACE ROOF DURING THE ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY ATTENDED BY 7,000 GUESTS: In the centre of the circle the Queen is receiving guests. Other guests are seen entering the grounds by the gateway leading from the car-park where there were about 1,000 cars gathered together. So great was the crush of cars along the roads leading to Holyroodhouse that many guests alighted and walked to the garden-party on foot. Even so, guests were still arriving long after four o'clock, when the Queen emerged from the Palace and began her tour of the lawns.

THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE AT A REVIEW OF CADETS ON THE PARADE-GROUND NEAR HOLYROODHOUSE : This was one of the Queen's engagements last week-end, when Edinburgh citizens turned out in force to see her Majesty.

On left—

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE HUNTLY MUSEUM : The Queen with Lord Provost Miller. Among the many famous relics which she inspected were a Burns manuscript and a chain which had belonged to Charles I. On the same day the Queen visited the Royal Scottish Academy.

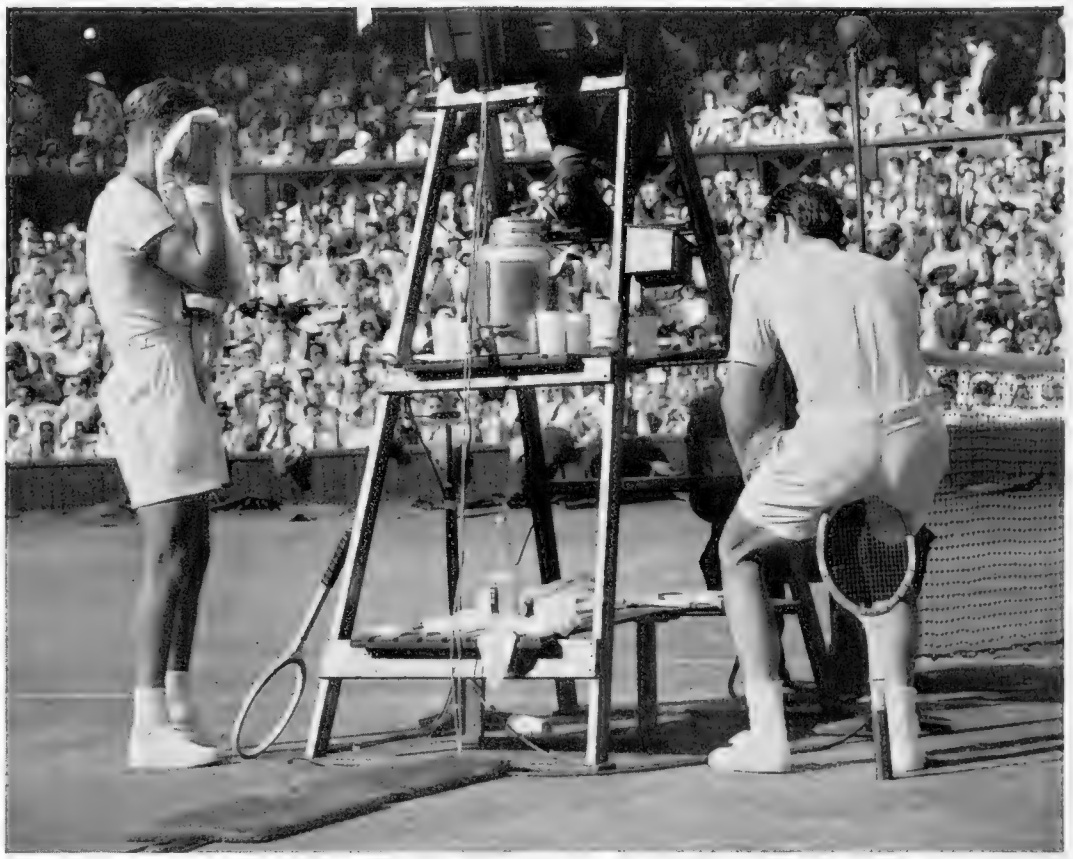
MORNING SERVICE AT ST. GILES' CATHEDRAL : The Queen is met by the Very Rev. Dr. Charles L. Warr, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal. A large crowd waited in the sunshine outside St. Giles' to see Her Majesty.

THE QUEEN MEETS ONE OF THE DANCERS : Her Majesty receiving a member of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society who took part in the display in the forecourt of Holyroodhouse. They are standing in the floodlit area of the dancing platform, which was erected outside the main entrance to the Palace. During the evening there was community singing and performances by massed bands in addition to the dancing.

WIMBLEDON BATTLES

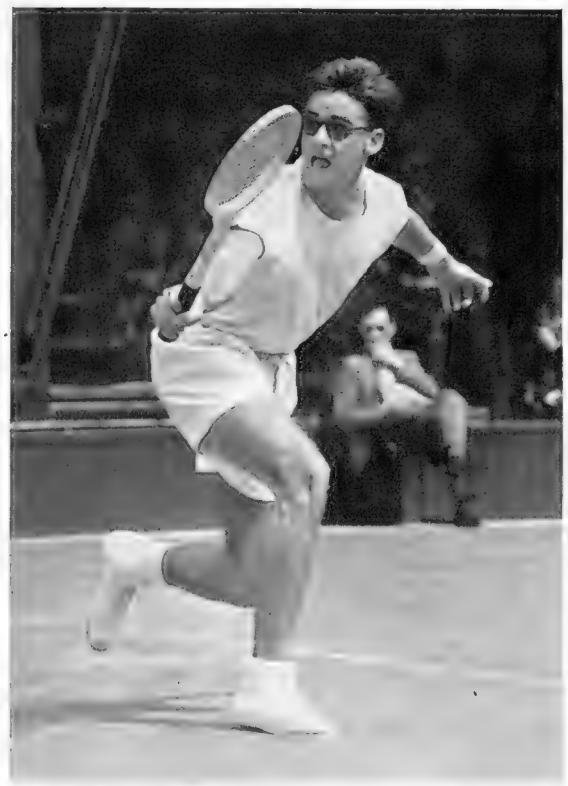
Action Pictures at the All-England Club During the Lawn Tennis Championships of 1952

F. A. SEDGMAN, THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE OUTSET A STRONG FAVOURITE FOR THE WIMBLEDON TITLE OF 1952 : During the first week of the Wimbledon tournament Sedgman worked up to splendid form, beating his fellow-countryman, Candy, in three straight sets with consummate ease, to enter the last eight. Sedgman is one of the greatest athletes in modern lawn tennis, possessing superb powers of concentration. In one of his doubles matches with McGregor last week, when the latter was below form, Sedgman played like a man-and-a-half. This pair won the Doubles in 1951 and Sedgman also won the Mixed Doubles in 1951 with Doris Hart.



BUDGE PATTY SITS ON HIS RACKET, AND HIS OPPONENT, V. SEIXAS, MOPS HIS BROW BETWEEN SETS : This was perhaps the hardest-fought match in the fourth round of the Men's Singles, Seixas winning 7—5, 4—6, 6—3, 7—5, and the issue remaining in doubt until the last ball. Patty is not so quick as he was a year or two ago, whereas Seixas has improved his ground strokes notably.

THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH PLAYERS WHO PROVIDED A LATE AFTERNOON OF DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT : *Left*—Maureen Connolly, the seventeen-year-old champion of the United States, in play against Miss Susan Partridge (*on right*). Miss Partridge, undeterred by the hard-hitting tactics of Miss Connolly, reduced the speed of the American girl's attack and forced the pattern of the play. Miss Partridge kept Miss Connolly at the back of the court. In the final set Miss Connolly produced that little extra which clinched the match



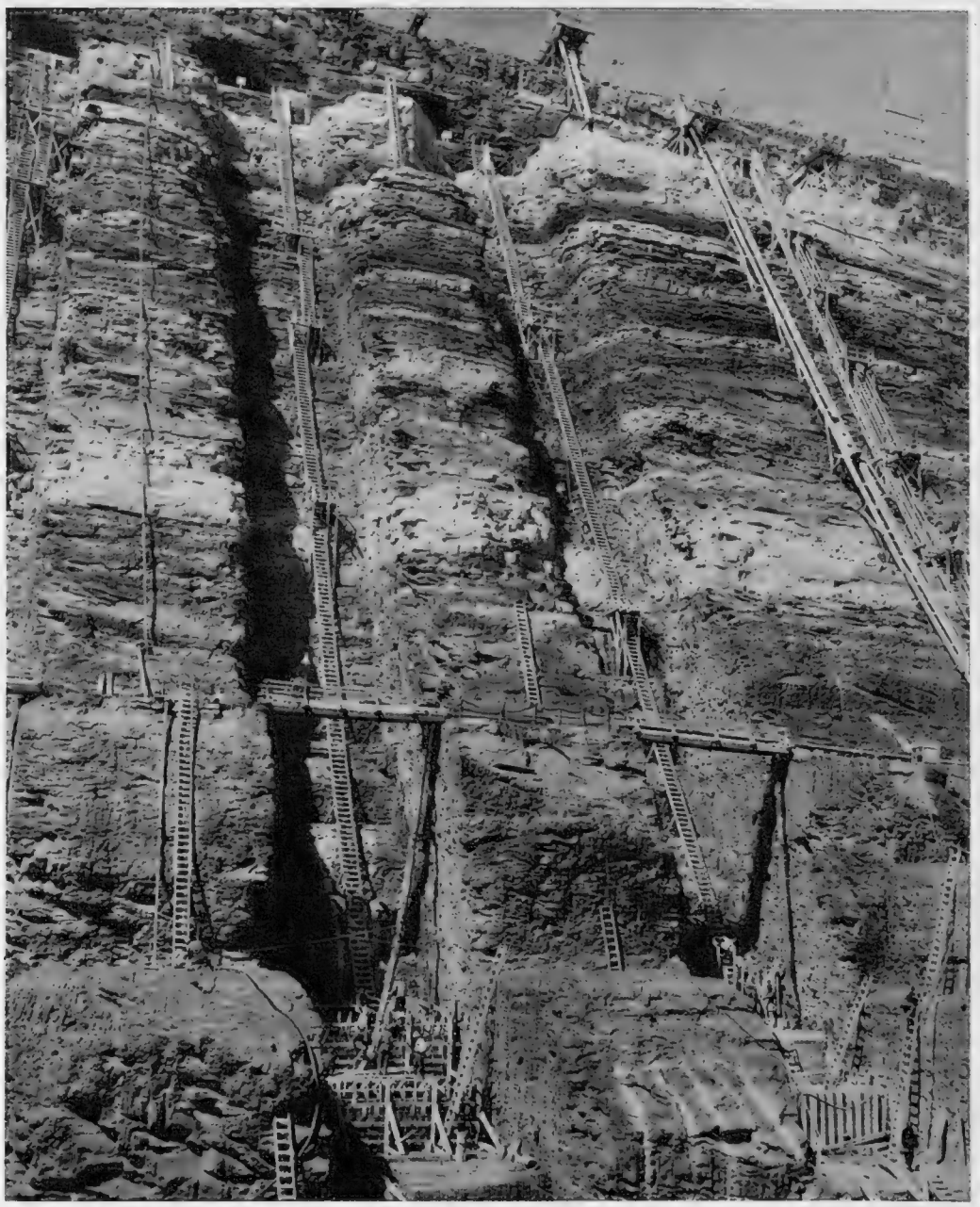
MORE PLAYERS WHO CAME BENEATH THE CAMERA'S ALL-SEEING EYE : *Left*—Lorna Cornell displays a graceful backhand during a doubles marathon on one of the outer courts. With her partner, Cawthorn, they beat H. P. Brechbuhl and Mrs. Phomann by 6—2, 13—11. *Centre*—Don Candy, of Australia, in play against Sedgman. Candy made many errors. *Right*—Gloria Butler, of the United States, and her partner, Nareda Nath, of India, facing both ways during a doubles match.

PREPARING THE SITE FOR THE NEW GENERATING STATION ON THE NIAGARA RIVER: The existing power station, which generates 525,000 h.p., is seen in the middle distance, and nearer the camera is the new excavation work for the generating station extension, which will produce 700,000 horse-power. The 50-ft.-wide penstock tube holes are seen at the top of the cliff. This new project is being hastened in order to keep pace with the vast industrial strides of the province.

MORE POWER FROM NIAGARA RIVER

Mighty Undertakings Above and Below the Famous Falls Will Add Vastly to the Horse-power of Niagara's Output

By JAMES MONTAGNES



A MODERN TEMPLE OF ELECTRICITY IS HEWN FROM THE LIVING ROCK: Where these ladders run down the cliff above the Niagara River will be placed the great penstock tubes supplying water to the new generating station. To aid in the building of the power house an access road is being built down the face of the gorge, so that the flow of materials to the site will be speeded. Later this road will be a scenic drive available for Niagara's tourist traffic.

THE largest single Canadian electric power development is now under way at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where the Ontario Government's Hydro-Electric Power Commission is adding 700,000 horse-power to the 525,000 horse-power development which has been in operation for many years. It is the biggest single contribution to the more than one-billion-dollar expansion programme of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission since 1945. Early in June the thirteenth post-war power development was opened, a 60,000,000-dollar plant on the Ottawa River.

Electric power demands for the province of Ontario, which were thought to have reached their peak during the war years, have since 1945 been increasing at a rapid pace. Industrial growth in the province, increasing population, and electrification of rural areas have all played a part in the need for more power. The demand for electric power has increased by 65 per cent. since 1945. Since the end of World War II there has been construction of new hydro-electric power stations in all parts of Ontario, and in recent months a number of new units to some of these stations, not expected to be necessary for some years, have been started. One such case is that of the power development at Niagara Falls.

Early in 1950 the Canadian and United States Governments made an agreement to develop more power at Niagara Falls, without marring the scenic beauty of the famous falls. The extra water diversion under the new agreement is not to detract from the tourist attraction of the Falls. The Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission immediately began construction of the power it was permitted to develop under the agreement. The first unit is to be ready by 1954. A second stage of construction was planned to be started in 1956, but so great has the demand for power become with expanded defence industries, that the work which was scheduled to be started in 1956, is being started this summer, and is to be ready in 1956! Meanwhile, no action has been taken on the American side of the Niagara Falls, where the decision as to who is to develop the power, whether private industry, New York State or the Federal United States Government, has not yet been reached.

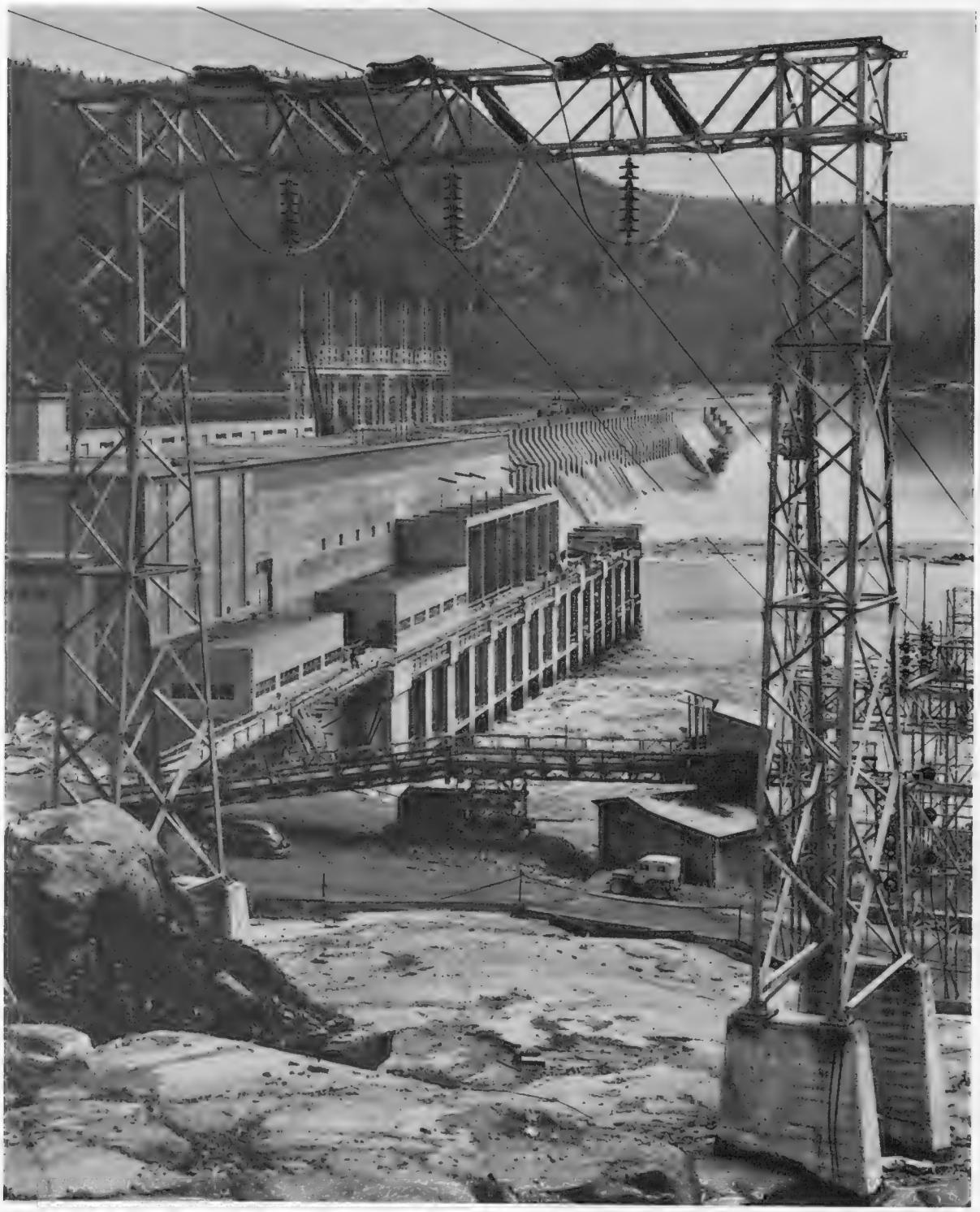
At Niagara Falls, Ontario, two tunnels are being dug under the city, as part of the expansion of the power development. For 5½ miles under the city and its environs workmen are now busy digging through rock and sand to build a tunnel the height of a four-storey building. These tunnels will carry the water from above Niagara Falls to a point far below the Falls on the Niagara River, where a new power station is being built. The programme is to cost 312,000,000 dollars.

The Ontario development will take water as it rushes towards the brink of Niagara Falls and divert it through two 45-ft.-wide tunnels to 250 ft. below the river surface. Then for 5½ miles two 45-ft. tunnels will gradually carry the water uphill again to an open canal which will carry it two miles to the twelve penstocks of the new generating station to be called the Sir Adam Beck Generating Station No. 2. (Sir Adam Beck fathered Ontario Government's electric power development.) There the water will be almost on a level from which it started and will drop down the

(*Continued on following page*)

WEDGED IN THE MISSISSAGI RIVER CANYON, ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF THESSALON, THE GEORGE W. RAYNER DAM AND GENERATING STATION CONTRIBUTES 56,000 H.P. TO THE POWER SUPPLY IN THE MINING AREAS IN NORTH-EASTERN ONTARIO: The main dam, the highest ever constructed in Ontario, rises 235 ft. from the bed of the Mississagi. It was completed during 1950, undoubtedly the peak year in Ontario's hydro-electric development.

BLASTING BESIDE THE NIAGARA RIVER: Excavating rock to accommodate the penstocks and the power plant for the Sir Adam Beck Niagara No. 2 Generating Station. The No. 1 station is seen in the background.



THE LATEST ELECTRIC POWER PLANT TO BE COMPLETED IN CANADA: The Otto Holden Station at Mattawa, on the Ottawa River. It was opened in June this year, and has entailed a cost of 60,000,000 dollars. It is a vitally important plant, but even so, provides only about a third of the power planned for the new Niagara extension.

MORE POWER FROM NIAGARA RIVER

(*Continued from previous page*)

concrete penstock tubes to the electric power generating turbines. Then the water will drop a little more into the roaring Niagara River and so on its way to Lake Ontario.

The tunnelling job is being done from five shafts sunk off-centre from the actual course of either tunnel. This was done to allow for the building of a second tunnel, which was not anticipated for some years, but on which actual construction will be under way this winter. As the shafts were sunk, a concrete shell was built to form the shaft and this method of construction will be continued throughout the tunnelling work. The tunnel will be about 51 ft. in diameter when it is cut out of the rock and earth, and when the concrete shell is built it will have a finished inside diameter of 45 ft., almost twice the height of an ordinary two-storey home. The tunnels are being dug with the use of motorised steam-shovels, lowered down the shafts to load the rock and clay dug out by drillers and dynamiting.

From the rock walls of the Niagara River shore below the falls a site is being excavated and dynamited by Northern Ontario hard-rock miners. Here the generating station will be built, alongside the Sir Adam Beck No. 1 Station built some years ago. The canal, which will carry the water from the end of the tunnel to the generating station, will be 200 ft. wide and 60 ft. deep. It is being cut out of solid rock.

The vast construction job has required building an entire town site complete with hospital for the 6,000 men who are employed on the project. Access roads to take the rock and earth from tunnels have had to be built. Wartime-invented Bailey bridges were built over the river outlets of the first generating station to allow workmen to begin making a dent into the rock-face of the new generating station site. Blasting of roads and levels for the generating station and openings for the twelve penstock tube entrances, each about 50 ft. in diameter, has required the special skills of miners who usually work in the deep Northern Ontario gold mines.

Unlike the present power developed at the Ontario Niagara power station, the new electric power will be standard 60-cycle current. At present 25-cycle current is generated at Niagara Falls. All of Southern Ontario deriving its power from this 25-cycle current is being changed over to the 60-cycle current, which is common to the rest of Canada and most of North America. The new 60-cycle current will suppy a population in southern Ontario which has grown by about 500,000 since 1945, while industrial development has doubled since 1939.

But the Niagara power development alone, even with the new stations now being built, is not enough to meet all of southern Ontario's electric power needs. Thus there has been considerable power development in post-war years on the Ottawa River, which separates the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Close to 1,000,000 horse-power of electric power has been developed on the Ottawa River for Ontario use in the post-war years.

This development on the Ottawa River is to be completed later this year, when the final units of the Otto Holden station at Mattawa, opened early in June, are in operation. The water of the Ottawa River is first harnessed at Mattawa, then farther downstream at Des Joachims, then at Chenaux and final development at Chat Falls, near Ottawa, the first units in the Ottawa River development which were built in 1932. All of this power goes into southern and eastern Ontario for urban and rural use, and such major industries as pulp and paper plants, synthetic

HARNESSING THE WHITE WATER OF WESTERN ONTARIO : Located on the Nipigon River, 73 miles north-east of Port Arthur, Ontario's Pine Portage Generating Station was officially placed in service in June 1951 and is now operating at its full capacity of 60,000 kilowatts (80,000 h.p.). This view shows the massive concrete dam, approximately 3,000 ft. in length ; the power house and the six-sluice spillway section, which has a total discharge capacity of 52,000 cubic ft. of water per second.

fabrics factories, newsprint mills and secondary industries. The forest-clad Ottawa River shores are gradually being settled with such new developments as Canada's atomic energy project at Chalk River.

In northern and north-western Ontario the need of new pulp and paper towns built since the end of the war, and new base metal mining developments have required large quantities of power. Ontario has much white or fast-flowing water. The easiest and cheapest way to develop power is to harness this water. And so in addition to the developments along the Ottawa River and at Niagara Falls, new power plants have been built in the country north and west of Lake Superior. On the Mississagi River, east of Sault Ste. Marie, a new 56,000-horse-power station is now in operation. On the Nipigon River, near Port Arthur and Fort William, the Pine Portage development is now supplying 80,000 horse-power of electricity and is to be enlarged to double its present size, starting this summer. This station was first opened late in 1950.

And then, to make certain that there would be enough power available in case of drought, as there was in 1948 and 1949, steam-power electric plants have been built at Windsor and Toronto. The drought caused a drop in water flowing into some of the southern Ontario generating stations, requiring a rationing of electric power in the heavily industrialised areas. The steam power plants, deriving their electric power from coal, will assure that there will be no major electric power shortages in the heavily-industrialised sections.

The power developments which have been built by the forty-two-year-old Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission in northern Ontario are all to be linked together eventually by power lines through the virgin forests to give a continuous power network from the Saguenay River in Quebec to almost the Ontario-Manitoba provincial border. This connection of all generating stations in Ontario will enable the Commission to send power where it is most needed.

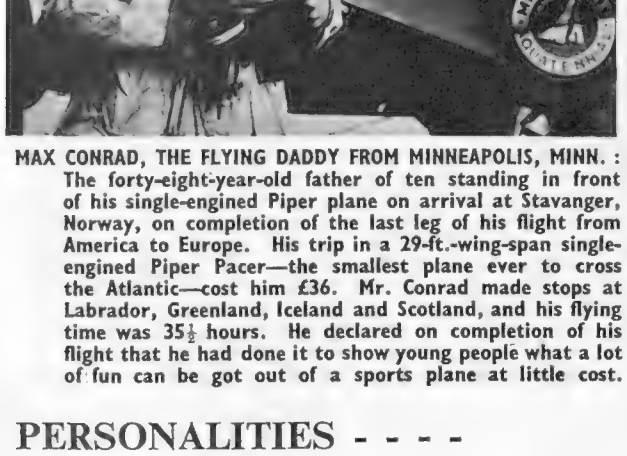
With present electric power developments under way in Ontario, Commission chairman Robert H. Saunders believes the province will have enough power to meet its demands in 1956.

SUPPLYING POWER TO WESTERN ONTARIO : The Chenaux Station, on the Ottawa River, which came into full operation last year. Chenaux, situated 60 miles downstream from Des Joachims, has a capacity of 160,000 h.p. with eight units of 120,000 kilowatts. It has cost about 30,000,000 dollars to complete. The main dam is 1,400 ft. in length.

A SURVEY of the FOREIGN NEWS

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER MEETS HIS SUCCESSOR AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA: The former Governor-General of Canada with Mr. Vincent Massey during his recent visit to the Canadian Federal capital. Lord Alexander spent four days in Ottawa following his tour of the Korean battlefront, and he took the opportunity of engaging in talks with the Canadian Government leaders. After leaving Ottawa Lord Alexander flew to Washington and New York, visiting Mr. Truman at the White House. In New York he visited the headquarters of the United Nations. Accompanying him was Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY, WHO CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY NEXT MONTH: The King seen with his grandson, Prince Harald. He was born on August 3, 1872, the second son of Frederick VIII of Denmark, and was christened Carl. In 1896 he married Maud, youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales (the future Edward VII), and on the separation of Norway from Sweden in 1905 he was chosen King by Norway's Storthing. King Haakon's son, Crown Prince Olaf, was born on July 2, 1903.



MAX CONRAD, THE FLYING DADDY FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: The forty-eight-year-old father of ten standing in front of his single-engined Piper plane on arrival at Stavanger, Norway, on completion of the last leg of his flight from America to Europe. His trip in a 29-ft.-wing-span single-engined Piper Pacer—the smallest plane ever to cross the Atlantic—cost him £36. Mr. Conrad made stops at Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and Scotland, and his flying time was 35½ hours. He declared on completion of his flight that he had done it to show young people what a lot of fun can be got out of a sports plane at little cost.

PERSONALITIES - - - -

THE START OF THE NEWPORT TO BERMUDA CLASSIC: Some of the fifty-eight yachts taking part in this ocean yacht race seen as they crossed the starting-line at Brenton Reef Lightship, Rhode Island. This was a record entry, four more than the previous record set up two years ago. The United States Naval Academy's 71-ft. yacht *Royono* crossed the finishing-line first at the end of the 670-mile race. *Royono's* time was 4 days 1 hour 16 mins. 28½ secs. *Canina*, on handicap, won the major trophy, and the best British performance was by the 31-ft. sloop *Samuel Pepys*, which finished fifth in the race and third in her class.

Of all the ocean yacht races, the Bermuda race from Newport, Rhode Island, to Bermuda, is really the classic, although the Sydney to Hobart contest and our own Fastnet race could claim an almost equal public interest. This year six British yachts were among the fifty-eight competitors which set out from the Brenton Reef Lightship. The first Bermuda race was sailed in 1906, when there were no more than three starters. In 1907 there were twelve, but thereafter interest flagged and from 1910 until after the First World War there was no race at all. The great revival came in 1923, and two years later the inception of the Royal Ocean Racing Club ensured that enthusiasm would be maintained. The race in 1932 was marred by a tragic accident, the schooner *Adriana*, one of the fleet of twenty-seven, burst into flames, Robert Somerset's *Jolie Brise* going to her rescue. Somerset managed to take off all members of the *Adriana's* crew except one, the helmsman, Clarence Kozlay, who remained aboard *Adriana* until it was too late to jump. This has been the race's sole fatality.

VERDUN EN FÊTE UPON AN ANNIVERSARY DAY: Pikemen, in striped jerkins and peaked caps, marching in procession through the garrison town on the 400th anniversary of the union with France, achieved by Henry II. The anniversary celebrations took the form of a reconstruction of the King's entry into Verdun.

The garrison town of Verdun, the great fortress upon the Meuse lying directly opposite the one-time frontier of German Lorraine and the entrenched city of Metz, was an important town in the days of the Roman Conquest, but later suffered during the Barbarian invasions. It was in the tenth century that it was conquered by Germany and put under the temporal authority of its bishops, the town forming with Metz and Toul the historic territory of the Trois-Évêchés. In the eleventh century the burghers of the now free and imperial towns began a struggle with their bishops which ended in their obtaining certain rights. In 1552 Henry II of France, that most absolute of rulers and most bigoted of Catholics, the scourge of the Protestants, took possession of Verdun and the territory of the Trois-Évêchés, and it was the 400th anniversary of his ceremonial entry which was celebrated recently in the Verdun fête. Henry's acquisition of Verdun was confirmed seven years later in 1559 by the Treaty of Cateau-Cambresis. In the long history of the Franco-Prussian wars Verdun has played no small part. In 1792—after some hours of bombardment—the citizens opened their gates to the Prussians—a weakness which the Revolutionary Government punished by the execution of several of the inhabitants. In 1870 the Prussians, unable to seize the town by a *coup de main*, invested it and bombarded it three different times until it finally capitulated. The famous French defence of Verdun in the First World War was continued throughout the greater part of 1916 and will always be associated with the name of Marshal Pétain, to whom Marshal Juin (in one of his allegedly indiscreet speeches) paid tribute at Verdun last week.

IN PICTURES: The Bermuda Ocean Race; Verdun Celebrates an Anniversary; Dr. Moussadek Returns to Teheran; The Great Australian Floods

AS THE FLOODS SWEPT ACROSS NEW SOUTH WALES: The town of Forbes inundated in the West Central part of the State. The damage in New South Wales is estimated at £A10,000,000, and this is now the third year in succession in which flooding has caused havoc in the State, seriously affecting housing and crops.

This is proving a tragic year for Australia's economy, and both floods and drought, the latter with accompanying forest fires, have played their part in affairs. The recent flood damage in New South Wales, now being studied in detail by social welfare officers and their teams, has occurred in parts of the State where there had been major and minor floodings during the past three years, and as a result many homes have now been rendered quite uninhabitable. Others will need expensive structural alterations. Repairs to railways, roads and bridges will also be expensive items, and Mr. Graham, the Minister of Agriculture, has stated that the rains and floods will reduce the wheat acreage in New South Wales by 25 per cent. or 30 per cent. compared with last year. Before the rains came it had been expected that the wheat acreage would increase by 10 per cent. compared with 1951, when 2,748,000 acres were sown (a figure which itself represented less than half the area sown in 1947-48).

In the coastal districts of New South Wales high winds, at times exceeding 80 m.p.h., have lashed Sydney and other towns and cities. Milton and Bega have been cut off by floods.

DR. MOUSSADEK'S RETURN TO TEHERAN: The Persian Prime Minister at Amsterdam Airport as he set out for Persia after giving his testimony on the Anglo-Persian oil dispute before the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Before he left Holland Dr. Moussadek declared that Britain, expecting the fall of his Government, had been refusing to come to a fair settlement based on the realities of the oil dispute.

Persia's economic problems—and they have not been slight in modern times—now weigh more heavily than ever upon her, and Dr. Moussadek, her ailing, hard-hitting and most determined Prime Minister, now returns to a land bereft of resources but not unmindful of the advantages of complete independence of foreign control. Apart from his aggressive handling of the oil dispute, Dr. Moussadek would appear to have little to commend him as a Prime Minister, for he does not listen to advice, good or bad, and he is clearly not interested in the Shah's policy of land reforms. A landlord himself, he indeed looks with displeasure on the Shah's distribution of his lands, and it has even been said that he has in mind a scheme for commandeering them and selling them to the highest bidder to meet the Government's mounting deficit. One political commentator has said that in his opinion Dr. Moussadek straddles the real line of division between landlord conservatives and nationalist reformers, and that he can hope, if he so chooses, to play them off against each other in order to sustain his own personal power. Sooner or later, however, it seems that Dr. Moussadek's startling lack of policy on major issues will bring a new crisis in Persian internal affairs.

The Premier's arrival back in Teheran from The Hague coincided with a Muslim holiday (the end of Ramadan), so a great public welcome was staged without difficulty, many who had taken part in public prayers in the morning flocking to the airport to greet the hero of the hour in accordance with the promptings of their leaders.

MR. EISENHOWER DRIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF DALLAS DURING HIS TEXAS VISIT: The Republican contendant acknowledging the cheers as he rode beside Jack Porter, his Texas campaign manager. Before arriving at Dallas Eisenhower visited his birthplace at Denison, Texas. The appointment of the Texas delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago is one of the key controversies existing between Mr. Eisenhower and his rival, Mr. Taft, and if at Chicago the former can win the motion to bar delegates whose credentials are challenged it seems that the way will then be made clear for him to win the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

THE MAN WHO CHARTERED THE TANKER "ROSE MARY," IN WHICH A DRAMATIC ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO SHIP OIL OUT OF PERSIA: Count Ettore della Zonca (left), managing director of Ente Petrolifero Italia Medioriente, with the Persian Minister of Economy, Mr. Ammini, when they met in Rome last week. Count Zonca sought the support of the Persians in his dispute with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company following the seizure of the *Rose Mary's* cargo. The Persians claim they have a perfect right to sell the oil to Italy as it has been extracted by Persian technicians without any foreign aid. Count Zonca's company is planning further shipments as soon as possible.

WHEN THE "ROSE MARY" REACHED ADEN: Signor Martinelli (left), agent for M. Rizzi, principal shareholder in the company owning the tanker, talking with the master of the *Rose Mary*, Captain Giuseppe Jaffrate, after the Aden Supreme Court decision following the injunction of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company claiming the *Rose Mary's* cargo as their property. The tanker, it is ruled, must remain at Aden a month. It is on charter from the Teresita Shipping Company to the Swiss Bubenberg Company.

THE PRINCIPAL FISHING-GROUNDS OF THE ATLANTIC, THE NORTH SEA AND THE SUB-ARCTIC: This sketch-map by Leslie S. Haywood also shows the harvest of these fishing-grounds, in many of which such intensive trawling has taken place that the trawlers now have had to go farther afield in search of catches, even rounding the tip of Greenland and making for Baffin Bay.

THE AGE OF THE OTTER-TRAWL

Problems of the Fishing Industry Past and Present; The Fishermen Seek to Satisfy an Ever-Increasing Demand from Ever-Depleting Stocks

By GEORGE GOLDSMITH CARTER

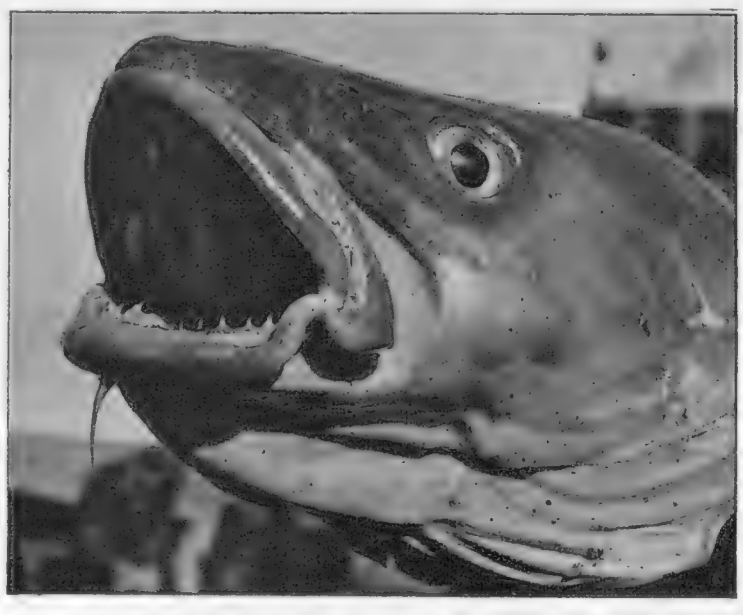
WITH DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I., AND WINSTON MEGORAN

The part played by the British fishing industry in making up shortages in world feeding is well known, and there is no doubt that we are still well to the fore in fishing-ship design, equipment and operation, but even so it is an industry of many problems, not the least of which is over-fishing among ever-depleting stocks and the necessity for trawling ever farther afield, as witness the remarkable trip of the Loch Doon *earlier in the present year, when that redoubtable British trawler rounded the tip of Greenland and went up the Davis Strait to Baffin Bay. Her reward for that fine exploit was 30,000 stone of fine fish, and next winter no doubt other vessels will attempt the trip, thus helping to bring housewives more and cheaper fish in the months of comparative scarcity. In this special article George Goldsmith Carter, whose book "Red Charger" brought him such widespread recognition, surveys some of these problems of the fisheries, and he brings vividly alive the nature of the work of Britain's trawlermen.*

IN the year 1850 a Ramsgate sailing smack, with its owner-skipper aboard, a man named William Sudds, was fishing in the North Sea, about 100 miles out from Spurn Point. When it was time to haul the trawl-net, it appeared to be fast on the sea-bed. After tremendous labour it was finally hauled aboard. The crew stared in pleased amazement, for the bulging net contained no fewer than 2,000 pairs of prime soles.

William Sudds had stumbled across the fabulous "Silver Pits," one of the richest fishing-grounds in the history of fishing.

Like all other great "strikes," the news leaked out. In Barking, now a suburb of London but then a thriving fishing village, lived a great family of fishermen named Hewitt. They immediately moved to Hull to be nearer the newly-discovered fishing-grounds. An equally famous fishing family named Hellyer, of Brixham, in Devon, also migrated. Very soon two fine fleets of sailing trawlers, Hewitt's "Short Blues" and Hellyer's "Game-cocks" (so called from the pennants they flew), each fleet with its "Admiral" or senior skipper, were fishing the "Silver Pits" night and day.



CLOSE-UP OF THE COD: This is the great fish upon which Britain's Icelandic trade is largely based. From the end of February to the end of June cod are sought off Iceland's reef-infested coast.

So plentiful was fish, that bare 100 years past, that the smacks went "bulk fleeting," two vessels towing one trawl—a method identical to the Spanish "pareja," or pair-fishing.

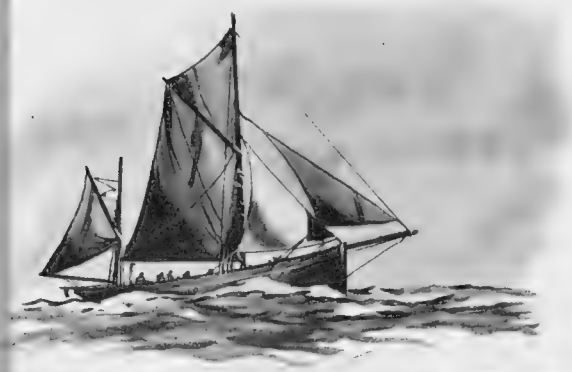
Fast sailing cutters waited on the flanks of the fleet, taking the catches of the smacks and returning for more, landing the fish at Billingsgate.

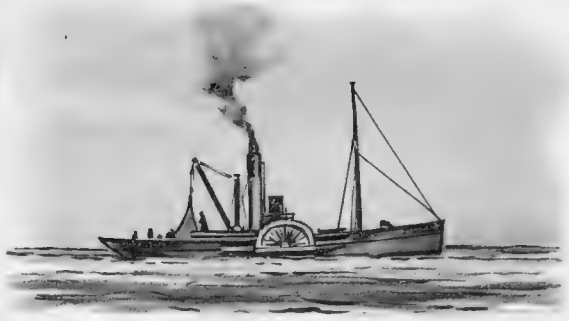
It was an era as colourful as any gold-rush. An age of fierce rivalries, when smacks boarded each other and fought with boot, fist and bludgeon for the choicest grounds. It was an age of opportunity, for the newly-opened railways were linking inland towns with the coast, and the clamour for the splendid fish of the North Sea was very great.

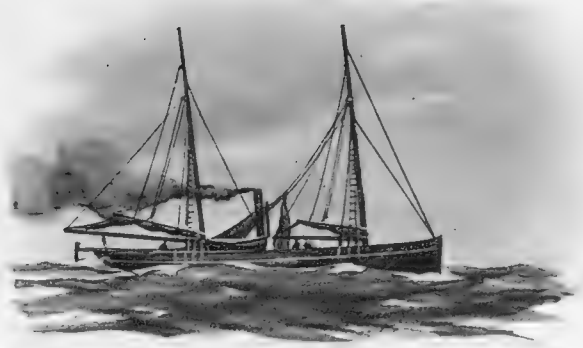
It was an age of brutality, too. A smack's crew consisted of a skipper, mate and three or four apprentices, waifs from the poor-house bound to skippers, some of whom, when they left the land, left restraint behind as well.

There are legends of cruelty still to be heard in our great fishing ports. Of the boy cook who burnt the skipper's fish and had his hands held in a pan of burning fat. Of the unfortunate who mentioned pigs—breeders of foul weather—and was towed astern in the trawl net as "a lesson"—a lesson from which he never recovered, being hauled aboard dead.

In the twelve years between 1880 and 1892 200 boys were drowned or died at sea of hardship or brutality. Over 1,000 more ran away, the modern classic of this period being Benjamin Britten's haunting opera, *Peter Grimes*. Fortunes were being made fast. Bankers were lending money on the infamous "Truck System," the mortgage being so arranged that it was never quite paid off. Smacks were being built as fast as they could be laid on the stocks. In 1855







FASHIONS IN FISHING VESSELS : These pictures and those reproduced below on the right show developments in the trawler silhouette, starting with a typical Brixham trawler of 1875 which is shown in the drawing *on the left*. *In the centre* is a converted paddle tug of 1877, and *on the right* is the *Hawk* of 1882, which combines both steam and sail. The drawings have been made for "The Sphere" by Winston Megoran.

there were twenty sailing trawlers in Grimsby. Twenty years later there were 600. There was gold for the taking—fishy gold, as the names of the banks, "Outer and Inner California," can prove.

If anybody had spoken of "over-fishing" in those robust days they would have been called a crank. Yet before the beginning of the 1890's smack owners who were literate enough to keep records noticed a falling-off in their catches, that they had to go farther afield for fewer fish. Man's greed had depleted the fisheries more than he realised.

In 1893 the landing of fish had so diminished that the matter was taken before a Commission of the House of Commons. Where fortunes had been established forty years before, men were having to work hard to make a living. Many of the mortgages were foreclosed, many of the smacks laid up, many to moulder to ruin.

The sailing smack, with its tough, hard-hatted owner-skipper, its ponderous 40-ft. beam-trawl, travelling over the sea-bed on iron "lute-heads," its cowed apprentices and its limited scope, was obsolete.

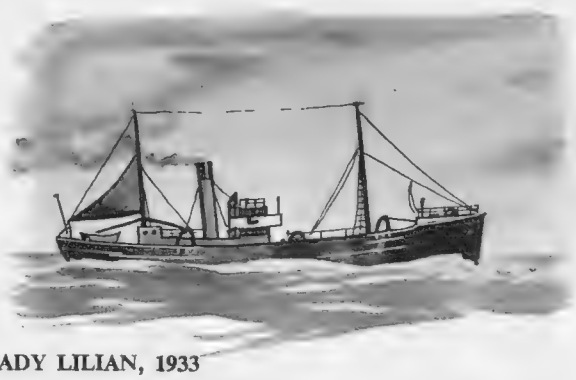
Bear Island, Nova Zembla, or to the edge of the ice-cap if she wishes. And the sum total of this? She must catch more and more fish to pay expenses of gear, food, wages and fuel. More and more fish from less and less stock. The result being that the over-fishing which worried the old smacksmen of the nineteenth century is an even more urgent problem to-day.

How, says the man in the street, is it possible to over-fish with all the ocean to fish in? The answer is simple. A trawler has *not* got all the ocean to fish in, most of it being far too deep. Even suppose it were possible to trawl the bottom at, say, 1,500 fathoms or 9,000 ft., such depths as exist off the north-west coast of Norway, the result would be a haul of such small, slimy horrors as "rats'-tails," "rabbit fish," "gulper eels" and "wide-mouths," all quite inedible. The Ice Barrier, too, limits fishing, although in 1920 there was a noticeable melting of the ice, which permitted some useful fishing.

The really important commercial fisheries are all in the Northern Hemisphere adjacent to the great land

THE LARK, 1886

ST. JOHN'S, 1910



LADY LILIAN, 1933

ST. CHAD, 1948

OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE FISHING-GROUNDS OF THE NORTH : With steam up, in line astern like a well-drilled naval convoy, the Grimsby fishing vessels prepare to pass through the needle's eye of the lock gate before leaving the grime of Grimsby behind for twenty-one days and nights of rolling sea amid the cod fisheries of Iceland and the Greenland coast. There is considerable competition to be first away.

To be sure, the sailing smack was economical. But on windless days it could only drive with the tide, a huge "tide-sail" rigged beneath the keel to catch the flow. It could not carry enough food, nor was its owner skilful enough to fish in high latitudes, the only high-latitude fishing being done by the "Cod Bangers," little ketches, bitter enemies of the trawlers, which, they rightly said, ruined the fishing. The "Cod Bangers," too, were limited: they could only use long lines baited with whelks; could only bring back 200 score of live cod at a time in their wells. Demand far exceeded supply, and because of this the power trawler and the otter-trawl came into being.

A modern, high-latitude trawler is a sturdy vessel, low in the water to facilitate the handling of the great net. Her weight is in the region of about 300 tons gross, speed about 11 knots and powered by a triple expanding, direct-acting, inverted cylinder steam-engine. She is full of expensive machinery, radio, direction-finder, echo-sounding gear and cod-liver-oil boilers. She can fish comfortably in 200 fathoms (1,200 ft.), carries a crew of about twenty and can stay on the fishing-grounds for a month. She can sail to Spitzbergen, Jan Meyen,

masses of the British Isles, the coast of Norway, Iceland, the Faroes, Bear Island, the White Sea; in other words, the waters of the Continental Shelf, which are comparatively shallow. It is here that all the important food fishes are found—the cod, the haddock, ling, hake and flat-fish—and the reason for this is due to a natural phenomena known as nutrient salts.

Certain parts of the sea—the Dogger area, for example—contain these salts in solution, and they breed microscopic creatures called diatoms. Plankton, the food of herrings (and whales of certain species), feeds on the diatoms, herring on the plankton, and cod, haddock, ling, hake and the rest of the round fish, like coal-fish and cat-fish, on the herring. A skilful North Sea trawlerman will gut a cod and examine the contents of its stomach. If he finds herring spawn he will know in a little where to shoot his otter-trawl. There are several types of otter-trawls, the large and small Granton, the large and small German, and the "Peter Carey," all the same in the main essentials. The huge, flat otter-boards or "doors," the metal "Dan Lenos" which keep the D-shaped mouth of the net spread, the

(*Continued on following page*)

VINTAGE 1952 : This is the 123-ft. motor trawler *Hildina*, the first of four built for the near-water fishing fleet of J. Marr and Son. The *Hildina* is propelled by a British Polar M 45 M Diesel developing about 700 b.h.p. Her cod-liver-oil tanks are of 1,350 gallons capacity.

THE GRIMSBY TRAWLERS GET UP STEAM: In the cold light of dawn the crews arrive from their homes and clamber aboard by way of the bow ladders; and woe betide the late arrivals who may or may not delay the sailing of the ship. Four days' sail from Grimsby lie the Icelandic fishing-grounds.

THE AGE OF THE OTTER-TRAWL

(*Continued from previous page*)

head rope with its corks and the ground rope with its "bobbins." The 30-fathom wire bridles which increase the fishing power of the net and the twin steel wire warps by which the net is dragged along the sea-bed. Attached to the cod-end of the net, the pointed bag into which the catch eventually finds its way, are raw-hides to take the chafe of the rough bottom.

The otter-trawl which has so completely out-moded the beam trawl, is destructive to both fish and men, wasteful in its methods of fishing, and is another contributory factor to the problem of over-fishing.

The Ministry of Fisheries have a table of sizes for young fish. An innocent pier-head angler *could* be fined up to £50 for landing a cod under 12 ins. long. A trawlerman most certainly *would* be fined if he landed haddock under 11 ins., hake under 12 ins., plaice under 10 ins., lemon soles under 10 ins., soles under 9½ ins., turbot under 12 ins., brill under 12 ins., whitings and dabs under 8 ins. Hence the multitude of small fish which end in the trawl net and could well be eaten are thrown back—a quite useless procedure, to many ways of thinking. These small, tender fish, after anything up to four hours in the cod-end of a trawl, trundling over the sea-bed, probably crushed by tons weight of their larger but equally unfortunate fellows, are liable to be moribund, to say the least.

Sometimes young fish are, apparently, unharmed when taken from the net. However, the rapid ascent of the trawl net to the surface and the consequent rapid decrease in pressure has inflated the "sound" or small bladder by which the fish regulates its swimming depth. Thrown back overboard, the fish is quite incapable of returning to the depths from which it was so hurriedly jerked but remains wriggling feebly on the surface, with a distended stomach, until snapped up by some hungry gull, fulmar or kittiwake.

LIFE ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS ABOARD A BRITISH TRAWLER: *Left*—The crew, working amid the fish still awaiting gutting on deck, prepare to shoot the trawl once ag *Right*—The crew taking their mid-day meal on the mess-deck. On the voyage to the fishing-grounds meals are regular and the crew have comparatively little to Once on the scene of action, however, meals are irregular and the toil is almost unceasing. A great responsibility rests with the cook to keep the crew cheer

A BRITISH TRAWLER IN ARCTIC WATERS OFF BEAR ISLAND—A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY JACK MERRIOTT: That she has had a very successful time in the fishing-grounds is evidenced by the lowness of her freeboard. A boisterous sea makes the work hard and dangerous for the crew as they bring aboard the loaded trawl for the last time before steaming for home.

The problem of the murder of immature fish has worried many people for a considerable period. One fishery inspector, as he lay dying in bed, tried to invent a mesh that would release young fish. The only type that would remain open were rigid and unhandy for a fisherman to use. A net the size of a trawl must, by necessity, be flexible, else it would be impossible to handle and incapable of taking hard knocks on the sea-bed. Being flexible, it is subject to movement on the sea-floor plus weight of water plus weight of fish, thus the meshes become distorted and close, trapping the innocents.

So the fishing industry is faced with (1) an ever-increasing demand for fish from ever-depleting stocks; (2) big ships with large crews which have to steam farther and stay at sea longer, with a proportionate increase in the cost of running expenses; (3) ever-mounting freightage costs; (4) the greed of foreigners, like the Spaniards who fished out a splendid hake ground on the south-west coast of Ireland a few years ago. That year the hake landings of Milford Haven alone fell by 2,000 tons. Nothing was done because the Spanish "pareja" (pair-fishing) vessels were outside the three-mile limit.

Some of the suggestions put forward to counteract these problems are (1) limitations of fish landings; (2) the closing of certain areas to allow fish to breed; (3) a return to long-lining: this would limit the fish caught to fully-grown ones; (4) the tentative possibility of fish "farming" or artificial breeding.

In the meantime, with many high-grade protein foods, meat, eggs and cheese, for example, rationed, fish, high-grade protein in its most easily-digested form, is in greater demand than ever.

A survey just after the war showed that the consumption of fish per head per annum was 21 lb. Another survey in 1948-49 showed this consumption had increased to 27 lb., and likely to continue.

The inshore fisheries have dwindled to insignificance, the small boats being victims to the greater catching power of the deep-sea trawler, the main bulk of our fish coming from the Arctic and, to a lesser degree, from the North Sea. The cycle of the northern fisheries is as follows: from January to the end of February

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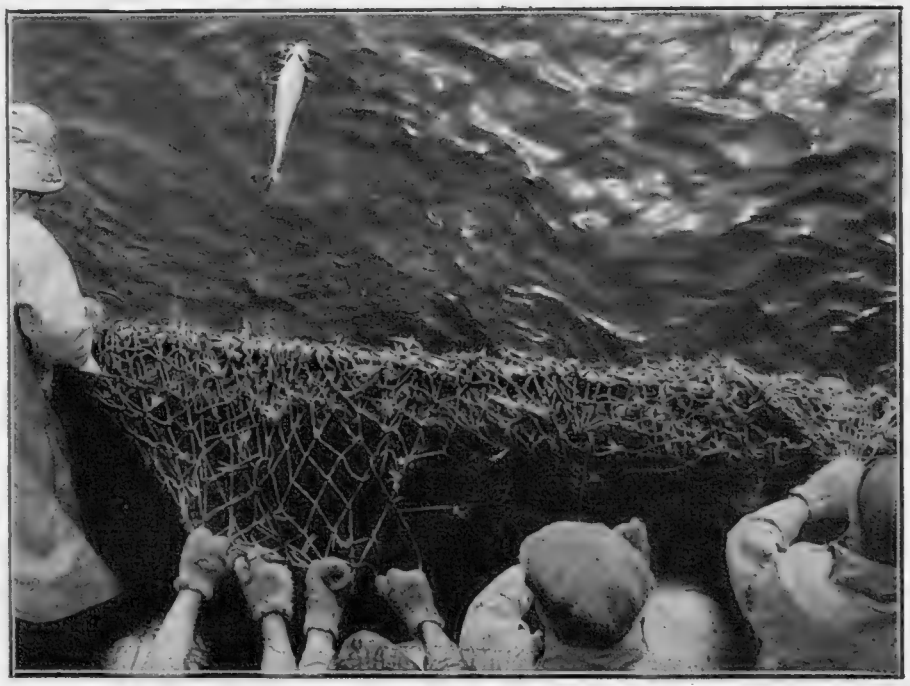


THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY: As in all fishing stories, it is the biggest fish which escape the net, and here is one that apparently survived the trawl. During the actual period of fishing in the Icelandic grounds, the crew work about sixteen hours at a stretch and then get four hours' sleep. Then the whole business of hauling in the nets and gutting the fish begins all over again.

THE AGE OF THE OTTER-TRAWL

(Concluded from previous pages)

on the haddock grounds off Andenes, the rocky shelf on the edge of deep water on the north-west coast of Norway, the spot called "The Wall of Death" by Arctic fishermen. This is one of the richest fishing-grounds in the world, teeming with haddock, cod and coal-fish.

From the end of February to the end of June the Arctic trawlers fish off the "blinder" (reef)-infested coast of Iceland for the great cod which swim there. Iceland is perhaps one of the most dangerous fishing-grounds in the world.

An Arctic trawler may stop on the fishing-grounds anything up to a month, depending entirely on how long it takes to "swag up" or get a profitable catch. The crew consists of the skipper, who gets 10 per cent. of the catch after expenses have been paid; the mate, who gets 7½ per cent.; the bo'sun, who gets a set weekly wage plus poundage on the catch plus a cod-liver-oil bonus; the deck-hands receive a similar scale to the bo'sun but less; then there is the "brassy," "half-decky" or apprentice, who gets a set wage but no poundage or bonus until he receives his rating as "decky" or deck-hand. Below decks are the chief engineer, the second engineer, firemen and trimmers, the cook and steward. An important man, too, is the radio operator, whose other duties are the cod-liver-oil boilers, usually situated aft.

All hands feed together in one big mess-room or cabin amidships. The skipper's cabin is directly below the bridge and the crew sleep forward. The vessel's passage from its home port to the fishing-grounds is the fisherman's rest time; he does nothing but keep a watch and take a turn at the wheel. Once on the grounds nobody gets much sleep until the catch is made. Whilst men sleep, great shoals of bronze-backed haddock sweep up from the bottom like murmurations of starlings.

On the fishing-ground the "Sparks," or radio operator, is constantly "wigging," listening to the conversations of other trawlers, trying to learn where the fish are swimming. They may be in 200 fathoms or perhaps only 100. This is a problem for the echo-sounder to solve.

When the skipper has decided to shoot his net (never "cast"), it is hove outboard by means of a strong derrick and let drift well astern, the trawler swinging to avoid the wire warps, passing round iron bollards and out through iron gallows. Roughly about three times the amount of warp to the depth fished in is let run off the winch. When the trawl is on the bottom, with its great D-shaped mouth held open by corks, the wire warps are pulled in to the ship's side with a rope called a "messenger," and housed in a strong iron towing-block.

If the fish are swimming in, say, 180 fathoms the skipper will be watching his echo-sounder closely. Ten fathoms each way, deeper or shallower of that "stream," may mean an empty net, or at most a small "gilson bag" (a gilson is a light tackle for holding small weights).

When he decides to haul he will shout "Knock out!", "Hauly-hauly, lads!" or just "Get 'er up!" If he is lucky the cod end of the net may come up first bulging with fish. The fisherman's dream is the great "six-bagger." This means the net has to be parcelled six times with a rope called a "halving beckett," the fish being hove inboard in six separate bags before the net is empty. When the first "satchel" comes in the bo'sun stoops under it and pulls the cod-end knot. A wet and dangerous job this. Men have been smothered when they have not been nimble or have been unable to dodge the gasping, flapping, slithering mass of fish as it sweeps into the fish-pounds, where the "deckies" are waiting with gutting knives. The fish is ripped from vent to gills, liver into a basket and guts overboard to the wheeling, screaming horde of sea-fowl. The eviscerated fish is then tossed across to a "header," who decapitates it on a sharp heading-iron—headless fish are easier to stow. When the fish are gutted and headed they are washed thoroughly with a hose and packed below in ice; in the meantime, the net is shot again and the fishing continues.

That is the theory of it. In practice it is something very different. Black frosts descend, sheathing the vessel in ice and stopping work whilst the crew chop away the ice before its weight can capsize the ship. Otter-boards and heavy ground gear crushes limbs and digits. Fishermen are washed away by heavy seas, such as the sea which hit the steam trawler *Phrontis*, smashing away the bridge and all who were on it. A trawl warp subjected to sudden and terrible strain parts with a crash like thunder, as it did aboard the steam trawler *Sedoc*, the flying end of the wire breaking the skipper's back and killing him instantly. Men's limbs get caught in the moving trawl warps, like one of the crew of the steam trawler *Yarmouth*, who had his leg torn from his body. Vessels vanish with all hands, like the steam trawler *Bostonian*, outward bound for the hake grounds at Rockall—hake, the "Silvery Death," so called because fishermen say it is an intelligent fish, knows it is being hunted, and hides in the most dangerous areas.

Then there are the minor injuries of gashed hands, poisoned fingers from the pricks of fish-bones and the spikes of gurnet, rat-fish, spur-dog and weaver. Hands bitten to the bone by the terrible Arctic cat-fish, the "*loup de mer*," which can snap a broomstick in half. Men reeling along heaving decks slip on fish guts and break limbs and ribs; sea boils, caused by salt and fish excrement, turn septic. A trawler carries no doctor, only the skipper's first-aid and a medicine chest. Those seriously injured must be rushed to the nearest port, such as Chief Engineer Arthur Ethell, of the steam trawler *Great Admiral*, who was deluged from head to waist with boiling cod-liver oil. Literally half-cooked, he survived a nightmare passage from the Irish coast to hospital, where he spent ten months.

TRAWLING IN CALM WATERS AMID THE FISHING-GROUNDS OF THE FAR NORTH: When the sea is smooth the work goes smoothly enough, and the crew can take their meals with fair regularity. Even so, the men can be sure of ten days of constant toil in the fishing-grounds with very little sleep indeed.

Sometimes "the frost sets in"—a passive, near-mutiny caused by misfortune beyond endurance. Lost nets, foul nets, "cable laid" trawl warps which have to be cut out and respliced; winch brakes failing suddenly when shooting the net in deep water in a 5-knot tide; ground gear, net, warps and part of the winch vanishing overboard in an unbelievable chaos of rending metal.

On the other hand they may strike "turkey," like the steam trawler *Saint Bartholomew*, which steamed into port with 4,300 10-stone boxes of fish which sold for £19,300, a world's record catch and price.

Even the token of a successful voyage is affliction. "Jumbo wrists," a form of elephantitis caused by the strain of heading thousand upon thousand of heavy fish. "Haddock rash," hands and wrists rubbed raw by the fine abrasive sand found in the haddocks on the Rockall Bank, that detested spot on the edge of the ocean abyss, 240 miles from Tory Island, on the west coast of Ireland.

In debt or "swagged-up," the little trawler, rusty and salt-caked, perhaps her wheel-house windows boarded up, the glass smashed in by heavy seas, steams into dock. Customs look aboard for contraband whilst wooden-clogged "lumpers" unload the catch. This is auctioned and then distributed—perhaps some of it condemned by a Ministry of Fisheries inspector.

Then there are three or four days in port to catch up on lost sleep whilst food, coal and ice goes aboard. A few days maybe to drink and forget lost nets, torn nets, lost ships and lost shipmates, black frosts, seas ice-blue by day and black by night, the haunting threnody of the Arctic winds in the swaying shrouds.

A few hours' respite before returning to the endless toil on the unsafe deck of a small, uneasy ship bucking at the end of 3,600 ft. of steel wire. A tiny ship whose lights vie feebly with the ghostly flicker of the Northern Lights and the ferocious brilliance of the Arctic moon.

THE COD'S END OF THE NET COMES FLOATING TO THE SURFACE: From the circumference of the cod's end the fishermen can tell at a glance the size of the catch.

KNEE-DEEP IN FISH: A MEMBER OF THE CREW WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE GUTS THE FISH, REMOVING THE LIVERS FOR RENDERING DOWN: After the fish have been gutted they are washed and thrown into the hold of the trawler, where they are preserved in ice.

WITH TUGS TO THE RIGHT OF HER AND TUGS TO THE LEFT, THE S.S. "UNITED STATES," QUEEN OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT FLEET, STEAMS INTO NEW YORK TO TAKE HER PLACE AT PIER 86 PRIOR TO HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON THE WESTERN OCEAN: Manhattan always has a memorable welcome for any new liner of any nation using the port for the first time, but there has never before been anything quite like the welcome provided for the new 78,000,000-dollar luxury liner when she steamed up the harbour last week following the completion of trials in which she recorded sustained speeds in excess of 34 knots. Helicopters, blimps and fireboats, the last-named spouting jets of water, were among the sea- and aircraft which greeted the liner, and there was not a vessel in the harbour which did not add to the chorus of welcome by sounding her siren. Meanwhile, a battle royal was being waged in Washington over the allocation of costs in relation to the liner, and Charles Sawyer, the much-harassed Secretary of Commerce, let it be known that he would welcome an investigation of the contract by which the United States Lines had obtained the 78,000,000-dollar super-liner for 28,000,000 dollars. "I don't want the taxpayer to lose one dime to which he is entitled," the Secretary declared in a letter continuing his dispute with the Controller-General, Lindsay C. Warren, who has contended that the Government paid too big a subsidy. President Truman has now ordered the Attorney-General to determine whether the subsidy allowance has been excessive and to protect the Government's interests in the matter.

CONFETTI AND TICKER TAPE FILL THE AIR AS NEW YORK ACCLAIMS THE NEW LUXURY LINER: This was the scene as the liner sped up-harbour to her berth near 46th Street, where she embarked passengers for her maiden voyage to Europe on July 3. The first east to west crossing of the S.S. *United States* will be from Southampton on July 10.

NEW YORK WELCOMES THE SUPER-LINER

A Mighty Reception for the S.S. "United States" as She Steams Towards Her Manhattan Terminal

WHEN FLOWER SCENTS VANISH!

The Old-fashioned Rose Varieties Recall the Scent of the Musk Plant and Bear Witness to the Lack of Scent in Modern Gardens

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DO you remember the scent of the little yellow-flowered musk plant? It belonged to the days before the air of Britain was heavy with the smell of petrol and Diesel oil. Its heyday was the era of the hansom cab and courtly manners before all free-born Britons worked like slaves for the Treasury. It scented the conservatories and drawing-rooms, the cottage windows and bar-parlours, of Victorian and Edwardian England. And then it disappeared—all over the world.

The disappearance of the scent of the musk plant has given rise to many legends. There are people who will tell you that it vanished throughout Britain in the course of a single night (they are not quite sure which night) in the year 1906. There are others who, while agreeing that it all happened in one night, maintain that the year was 1912. The year 1914 also has a few adherents, and these few maintain stoutly that the night of August 4 was the fatal night. There is also another legend—that a reward of £5 (or could it be £500?) awaited the man who rediscovered the scented musk.

There is no reward. And the scent of the musk plant did not disappear in a single night. Nobody can say definitely when the scent disappeared. There was still scented musk in Britain in 1919, and it would be safe to say that the final disappearance in Britain occurred some time in that year or in 1920. Every now and again one hears rumours that the plant is beginning to regain that seductive perfume. But the fact is that it has not.

The plant was discovered in British Columbia in 1824. Douglas, the finder, reported then that it was usually scentless, but that colonies of scented plants did occur in odd places, and most often on the banks of rivers. It never, he said, scented near the coast. Introduced into England, the musk plant soon became very popular, and soon escaped from gardens. The flowers of the wild form are usually yellow (occasionally they are blotched) and appear during July and August. They are large and impressive. The "old-fashioned" plant is cultivated and is still a great favourite for potting and growing in cottage windows. These cultivated plants are of many colours—yellow, red, scarlet, blotched—but they are all without scent.

Actually there was nothing at all sudden about the disappearance. As long ago as 1880 it was noticed that the scent was diminishing in some English plants. By 1890 it had vanished altogether in some places. And the same thing was happening elsewhere. It was noticed before the turn of the century in New Zealand and in North America and in many parts of Europe. The loss was gradual but progressive, and when it finally disappeared altogether there was much speculation in the scientific and horticultural Press. No satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon has ever been put forward. And careful search among the wild plants in British Columbia has failed to produce a single scented plant.

One thing seems quite certain. The loss was not due to conditions of cultivation. Nor can the introduction of Harrison's hybrid musk in 1877 be blamed. It seems quite likely that when it was discovered the scent was already failing, which would suggest that it was an unwanted or useless character. But I have also seen it suggested somewhere (I cannot find the reference unfortunately) that, in fact, the musk plant never had any scent at all; that the scent was given off by algæ living in close association with it, and that it is these that have died out. I do not know what the scientists thought of that theory, but it is a fact that you do get a faint musky odour from some of the mosses and liverworts, even occasionally, on a warm damp day, from the earth. I sometimes wonder if it is not this faint trace of muskiness in the soil that has given rise to the rumour that the musk plant is again beginning to scent.

The old scent of the musk plant was brought back to my mind by an exhibit at this year's Chelsea Show. Messrs. Hillier and Sons staged a fascinating exhibit of rose species and old-fashioned varieties, including *Rosa mundi* and the pale-pink variety Crested Cabbage, and you could not visit this stand without having the whole question of scent brought delightfully to mind. It is often said that many garden plants are losing their scent—roses, sweet peas and mignonette are the three most usually mentioned in this connection—and, visiting some of these old-fashioned roses again, one can well believe it.

One of the abiding memories of my childhood is of the intoxicating scent of the peonies down each side of the broad central path of the kitchen garden. I used to go out and drink in the scent in the early morning. Last summer I came across the big peony bed at Wisley, and went over to drink in that delicious scent again. There was no scent. In all that huge bed there was not a vestige of the true peony scent that once filled the cottage gardens of Edwardian England. There was some scent in a few—a faint smell of decay—but nothing of the true peony scent.

The breeder cannot be blamed entirely for this. In some cases, such as the sweet pea and the mignonette, he is, in response to the demands of the buying public, aiming at certain qualities of size and colour and shape, and in re-shuffling characters the scent is lost. And sometimes, without actually intending to do so, he actually increases the scent. That happened when he doubled the peony. Most noticeably it happened in the nasturtium, when doubling made noticeable a scent which had hitherto passed almost unnoticed.

But I think it must be admitted that, on the whole, it does not often happen. It does, on the other hand, often happen that scent is lost. Consider the tall, bearded irises. If you grow these gorgeous flowers, if you have fallen under their spell as I have, you will know that each year sees many new varieties, differing but little in form or colour, save in some small point, from the sensation of a year or so ago. I have one or two of these new varieties, and wish I had more, but for the most part my collection is very out-of-fashion. I still grow Lord of June, which is about equivalent to saying that you still wear a night-shirt. Indeed, I go farther back than that. I grow Marion Cran (a really lovely iris); I even grow Gracchus, which was the sensation of the '80's. These old irises may not have such large heads (Gracchus has a very small one) and may not have the beautiful colouring (I admit that Gracchus, which is really a museum piece now, has rather ugly colouring; on the other hand, Marion Cran is, in my opinion, far more beautiful than 90 per cent. of the novelties), but they are not ugly by any means and they do have scent. Obtaining the large heads and the purity of form and the new colours has meant that the scent has been lost.

Perhaps it does not matter. Perhaps if you have all these other qualities you do not also require scent. That, I suspect, is what the grower will tell you. It seems to me to be nonsense. You might as well say that the voice makes no difference so long as a woman is beautiful. And we all know how many times we have wished she would keep her mouth shut! And so it is with flowers. If they lose their scent, then, to me at least, they lose half their charm. I would not, of course, be without the other half. But I prefer scent to size. It is, in the case of irises, this pre-occupation with size, this impelling, almost frantic, desire to have something new at all costs that has lost us such wonderful flowers as *Iris pallida*. *Iris pallida dalmatica* is still obtainable commercially, but in how many gardens will you find it in these days? Yet this old garden iris will give you abundant blooms year after year.

It has happened, too, with roses. Theophrastus, writing three centuries before Christ, said that "among roses there are many differences in the number of petals, in roughness, in beauty of colour, and in sweetness of scent. Most have five petals, but some have twelve or twenty, and some a great many more than these; for there are some, they say, which are even called hundred-petalled." Theophrastus, please note, remarks not only on the many different kinds but also on the scent. Yet in 1535, it is said, the world had only a dozen named varieties. Shakespeare has some sixty references to the rose and many of them refer to scent, but in Shakespeare's England there were probably only five roses cultivated in gardens, five beautiful scenting roses—*Centifolia*, *Moschata*, *Provincialis*, *Alba* and *Damascena*. The China rose came to us in 1789 and the tea rose was introduced in 1810. About the time of the Battle of Waterloo the French began to hybridise seriously, and by 1820 there were about eighty named varieties and every one of them was scented. To-day there are several thousand named varieties, ranging from the tiny *Rosa rouletti* to the rambling wichuraianas, which may grow to a height of 40 ft., and how many of them scent.

I find it most bitterly disappointing to bend to a beautiful rose and find it scentless. And that happens frequently. I like these new varieties—just as I like the new varieties of bearded iris—but, as with the iris, I come back to the old favourites, to the gallicas and damasks, to the "cabbages" and "mosses," and revel in the richness of scent. These old favourites lack neither colour nor form. There are whites and pinks, carmines and purples and amethysts, and there is a real vigour of summer bloom. They are good, tough plants, and I do not mind in the least how out-of-fashion they are. (In any case, fashion is a fickle jade, as every married man knows to his cost. Take Caroline Testout, a comparatively modern rose, but now out of fashion. I have been twitted about growing Caroline Testout, because she is rather large and untidy and blowsy: like a barmaid, I have been told. Well, I have always had a fondness for barmaids, nice cheerful people. And Caroline Testout will flourish in soils and in situations that will defeat many another rose altogether.) Madame Hardy is certainly old-fashioned, but she remains, I think, the most perfect white rose ever grown. You will have to go a very long way to equal *Rosa gallica* (the Apothecary's Rose) or its striped sport, *Rosa mundi*: you will certainly not surpass them. That is true, too, of the old "cabbage" rose, *Rosa centifolia*, or Red Provence. There is a scent that has never been equalled. And, if you want a climber, a really energetic climber with an almost evergreen foliage, which will grow well on a north wall and give you a great sheet of scent well-nigh 20 ft. high, what was wrong with the old wichuraiana, May Queen? Yet that, I believe, is no longer in commerce. You see Alberic Barbier often enough, for it is so free and vigorous a grower that it is used to cover up all sorts of things. But Alberic Barbier has but a feeble, albeit a sweet, scent. May Queen, a lovely lilac pink, would scent the air for 20 yards around, and in a few forgotten gardens still does so.

THE ROSE AND THE TALL, BEARDED IRIS: These two pictures from the Malby Collection show, *on left*, *Rosa mundi*, the old-fashioned rose, and *on right*, the Lake Shannan Bearded Iris. In his article Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald writes: "It is often said that many garden plants are losing their scent and, visiting some old-fashioned roses again, one can well believe it."

Much history, too, disappears when an old rose goes. *Rosa gallica*, it is said, was brought from Palestine to the town of Provins by the fourth Count of Champagne. Edmund Crookback, who became Count of Champagne by marrying the widow of Henry the Fat, brought it to England on his coat-of-arms. It is the Red Rose of Lancaster and is emblazoned on his tomb in Westminster Abbey. *Rosa centifolia* is believed to be the hundred-petalled rose of Theophrastus. This Provence rose is the Provincial Rose of Shakespeare.

Perhaps the exhibit at the Chelsea Show will bring some of the old favourites back into favour. But nothing will bring back the scent of musk. Not the true scent, that is: for there was, perhaps there still is here and there, an old garden rose called the musk rose. That rose it might be possible to bring back. Even so, it would be but a poor substitute for the scent of the musk plant, which was close enough to the authentic scent of musk for many people to believe that the perfumer's musk was obtained from the plant, and not, as it was, from the little musk deer of Mongolia and Tibet. Once it seemed likely that the musk deer would be exterminated to satisfy the chemists and the ladies of fashion. Now, it would seem, the true scent of musk is likely to go from the western world altogether. Communism is an ill wind, but it has, presumably (unless the habits of Mongolian ladies have changed greatly in recent years), blown one little deer good.

Perhaps it does not matter. It may well be that the scent of flowers has not deteriorated so much as memory would have me believe—though, surely, the sweet william is not so sweet as once it was? It may well be that we have lost much of our sense of smell in the last thirty years or so; since the use of petrol became so widespread, in fact. Certainly there are people to-day who can pass philadelphus without noticing that very strong scent. The breeders may be right in imagining, as I think they must, that there is now no point in developing scents, for undoubtedly they could do so. Certainly you can go round a flower show to-day and scarcely hear a sniff.

A SCOTTISH HOUSE OPENS ITS DOORS TO THE PUBLIC

A Deputy Keeper for Falkland Palace ; An Inn Becomes a Church Hall, and the Discovery of Elizabethan Murals

THIS SCOTTISH HOUSE IS CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF THE ADAM BROTHERS' DESIGNS—MELLERSTAIN, NEAR KELSO, IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC : *Left*—Mellerstain House, the Berwickshire seat of the Earl of Haddington, which lies in richly-wooded parkland, seven miles from Kelso. *Right*—One of the most attractive rooms in the house is the Library, with its Adam ceiling and panels by Zucchi. The mantelpiece is in green and white marble. The original colours in this room were at one time obscured by a kind of brown paint, but they were restored about fifty years ago after reference to the original designs preserved in the Soane Museum. The cedar bookcases are filled with calf-bound volumes. Robert and James Adam were employed between 1770 and 1778 to complete the work begun by their father by adding the main building between the two wings, which were formerly used as the family residence and stables. The house will remain open to the public on Saturday and Sunday afternoons between 2 and 6 until September 30.

THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR SCOTLAND IS APPOINTED DEPUTY KEEPER OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF FALKLAND : The appointment has been made by Major Michael Crichton-Stuart, Hereditary Constable, Captain and Keeper of the Palace, who has also endowed a maintenance fund to ensure the preservation of the building and its precincts. This view of the Palace, taken from the north, shows, on the left, the Cross House containing the Royal apartments, the ruined east wing in the centre, and the south wing, containing the keeper's residence.

A FORMER INN BECOMES A CHURCH HALL—THE OLD STAR INN AT LINGFIELD, SURREY, WHICH HAS BEEN REBUILT AS A CENTRE FOR SOCIAL ACTIVITIES CONNECTED WITH THE PARISH CHURCH : The Bishop of Woolwich arranged to dedicate the hall on St. Peter's Day during the Patronal Festival of the parish church. This view of the restored building shows the old inn sign which has been repainted and rehung following its discovery in the cellar. The design of the old inn has not been altered and the new work is in keeping with the original structure. The inn was built in the eighteenth century. The rest of the building which adjoins the old inn consists of a restaurant and several cottages. In the background of this picture can be seen part of the tower of the cruciform church dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. The church was rebuilt by Lord Cobham in 1481.

Falkland Palace, in the old Royal Burgh of Falkland, at the foot of the Lomond Hills, in the Howe of Fife, has been a property of the Sovereign since it was built in the mid-fifteenth century, and its upkeep through the years has been the responsibility of successive Keepers. As a Royal property, the Palace could not be handed over outright to the Trust by Major Crichton-Stuart, but the delegation of responsibility to the Trust, together with the Endowment Fund, will guarantee the preservation of the Palace for all time. The Trust's responsibilities extend to the 7 acres of gardens and policies adjoining the Palace. The site of Falkland Palace has a history which is believed to date back to the beginning of the twelfth century. In the grounds to the north-east of the Palace the third Marquess of Bute discovered the foundations of the fourteenth-century Castle of Falkland, which was the home of the ancient thanes of Fife. King James II, who created Falkland a Royal Burgh, granted the manor of Falkland to his wife, as part of his marriage contract in 1451, and for the next few years there are records of extensive building. Falkland was always used as a country residence by the Kings of Scotland rather than a military stronghold.

THE DISCOVERY OF SOME MAGNIFICENT ELIZABETHAN MURALS IN A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION NOW BEING CONVERTED INTO A "PRISON WITHOUT BARS" : Hill Hall House, Theydon Mount, Essex, which is now being adapted for use by the Prison Commission. Just lately several important discoveries have been made, the most important being the murals, dating from the sixteenth century.

"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMY OF SENNACHERIB BY THE ANGEL OF THE LORD" : This is the central scene in one of the recently-discovered murals at Hill Hall.

The majority of the wall-paintings which have just been discovered at Hill Hall House, Theydon Mount, Essex, illustrate the story of Cupid and Psyche, and are based on a series of engravings of sixteenth-century Flemish paintings. A second series illustrates the destruction of the Army of Sennacherib by the Angel of the Lord. The murals were found under layers of lath and plaster, and are now being preserved and protected by the Ancient Monuments branch of the Ministry of Works. Before the war, Lord Edward Hay gave the Victoria and Albert Museum a number of murals from Hill Hall, but the existence of the recently discovered paintings was unsuspected. The house was begun by Sir Thomas Smith in 1568, and extensive alterations have been carried out during the last four centuries.

MIDSUMMER IN ENGLAND

The Muslims Celebrate Id-ul-fitr; Italian Miners Return Home; The Election of Two New Sheriffs at Guildhall; Mr. Dean Acheson in London; Mr. Duncan Sandys Inspects a London Scrap-metal Work

MUSLIMS OF MANY NATIONS GATHER AT THE WOKING MOSQUE, SURREY, FOR THE GREAT ID-UL-FITR FESTIVAL: Over 1,000 of the faithful, some wearing European clothes, but many in the more colourful dress of their own countries, arrived at the Mosque for this important event in the Muhammadan year. Because the Muhammadan calendar is a lunar one, the Festival falls ten days earlier every year. It marks the end of the month of fasting called Ramadan, a very severe period of religious discipline during which Muslims do not eat or drink from about two hours before sunrise until sunset, a great ordeal in tropical countries when Ramadan occurs during the hot summer months. Fasting, save for those who would suffer physically, is of great importance in Islam. It is considered by the strict to be "one fourth part of the faith," another being the pilgrimage to Mecca.

THREE YOUNG MUSLIMS WHO ATTENDED THE ID-UL-FITR FESTIVAL AT THE WOKING MOSQUE: The Festival lasts for three days and this year it began on June 2

THE SCENE AT THE ISLAMIC CULTURAL CENTRE AND LONDON MOSQUE BEFORE PRAYERS ON THE FIRST DAY OF ID-UL-FITR: Over 700 people attended. They discarded their shoes, seen in the foreground, before Sheikh-Ali Hassan Abdel-Kader began the prayers. There were a number of English Muslims in the congregation.

THE WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE B 50 MEDIUM BOMBER WHICH CRASHED SOON AFTER TAKING OFF FROM LAKENHEATH AIRFIELD, IN SUFFOLK: The plane was one of ten which had taken off on a formation flight. After reaching 1,000 ft. it fell out of position and crashed in an open field. Farm-workers near by ran to the plane but were unable to help the crew, all eleven of whom were killed. Fire-engines from the air base and near-by fire stations put out the flames.

On right—

Altogether 2,400 Italian miners have been brought to this country by the National Coal Board for work underground, and of these only 1,200 have been placed. Because of opposition from local union branches it has been found impossible to provide work in the mines for the remainder. Of these many have been offered alternative employment in this country; others have gone to Belgium and the remainder have been repatriated. Some of them, seen in the picture *on right*, left from Victoria recently. They complained of poor food in Britain.

SOME OF THE ITALIAN MINERS WHO ARE BEING SENT BACK LEAVE BY TRAIN FROM VICTORIA STATION, LONDON They are nourishing themselves from a tin of sardines before the start of their long journey. Each was given £60 compensation by the Coal Board

MIDSUMMER'S DAY IN THE CITY OF LONDON—THE ELECTION OF NEW SHERIFFS AT GUILDHALL : The two new Sheriffs, who will take office at Michaelmas, Mr. S. H. Gillett, Alderman and basket-maker, and Mr. Sydney J. Fox, citizen and wheelwright, walking in procession behind the City Marshal after their election. After the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and high officers had entered the Common Hall, the floor of which was strewn with sweet herbs, the Recorder informed the citizens of their undoubted right and privilege to make the elections. All those who had served the office of Sheriff then left the hall in order that the elections should be free and unfettered. Both the new Sheriffs are members of the Corporation.

A MIDSUMMER VISITOR TO ENGLAND : The United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, seen with the Prime Minister outside No. 10, Downing Street, after lunching with Mr. Churchill following his arrival in England for talks with the Foreign Secretary. Among the main subjects discussed by the two Foreign Ministers, who were later joined by M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, were thought to be negotiations with Russia over Germany and the situation in Korea.

MEMBERS OF THE OLDEST ART SCHOOL IN ENGLAND STAGE AN OUTDOOR DRESS FASHION SHOW IN THEIR PREMISES IN LONDON'S CHARING CROSS ROAD : A view of the overflow parade strip of the St. Martin's School of Art dress show, which was extended out on to the roof-top. Many of those who were not allocated seats watched the show from overlooking stairways. The cost of the materials for the show of sixty-four dresses did not exceed £150, including the hats and other accessories, which were all made at the Art School. The students arranged the show within three weeks.

THE MINISTER OF SUPPLY VISITS A SCRAP-METAL YARD IN CANNING TOWN, EAST LONDON, AND TEARS HIS TROUSERS WHILE CLIMBING ON TO A CRANE : Mr. Duncan Sandys seen walking through the scrap yard at Canning Town with Mr. Cyril Cohen, chairman of George Cohen and Co., the iron, metal and machinery merchants in Bidder Street. The Minister's visit was made in connection with the nation-wide drive to intensify the collection of steel scrap. Mr. Sandys watched the various processes in the scrap yards, which included the breaking-up of buses and tanks with oxy-acetylene cutters, and the breaking-up of scrap with a half-ton breaking ball dropped from a height of about 50 ft. During his tour Mr. Sandys caught his blue pin-stripe trousers on a crane and had to retire to an office while the trousers were repaired by three women.

FLOWER PAINTINGS OF THE 17TH, 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES ON VIEW AT A LONDON EXHIBITION

FLOWER PAINTINGS IN THE CLASSICAL DUTCH MANNER : These are two of the paintings contained in the "Exhibition of 17th, 18th and 19th Century Flower Paintings" at the galleries of M. Bernard, in Ryder Street, St. James's, S.W. The Exhibition will continue until Thursday, July 31. *Left*—On a marble slab stands a glass vase of rose, camellia, tulip, narcissi, digitalis, love-in-a-mist, and ribbon, with a trailing tulip. A butterfly has settled on the ribbon glass. Signed by Rachel Ruysch (1663-1750), on a canvas 20 by 16¾ ins., it is from the collection of T. W. H. Ward. *Right*—A simple arrangement of pink, white and yellow roses, convolvulus, holly, spiræa, poppy and jasmine in a glass vase, painted in the seventeenth century by Nicolas Verendael (1640-1691), on a canvas 11⅝ by 9⅜ ins.

TWO PAINTINGS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY : *Left*—With the Delft plate of strawberries on the table are a cut orange, peeled lemon, cherries, roses, convolvulus, gooseberries, raspberries and honeysuckle. Above hangs a blue ribbon of roses, thistles, oranges, Turk's-head lily, daisy, honeysuckle and pea-pods (Cornelis de Heem, 1630-92). *Right*—A simple arrangement of roses, tulips, and narcissi, with a butterfly, painted by Daniel Seghers (1590-1661).

HIGH DRAMA and LOW COMEDY

"The Innocents" at Her Majesty's; "Dial 'M' for Murder" at the Westminster; "The Gay Dog" at the Piccadilly

THE DRAMATISATION OF A CLASSIC SHORT STORY: Flora Robson as the governess and Barbara Everest as the housekeeper in William Archibald's stage version of Henry James' famous short story, *The Turn of the Screw*. Under the title *The Innocents* it began its run at Her Majesty's Theatre last Thursday.

THE GOVERNESS AND HER CHARGES: Flora Robson with Carol Wolveridge and Jeremy Spenser in *The Innocents* at Her Majesty's Theatre. One of Henry James's greatest ambitions was to write a successful play. This he never achieved, but in the past few years more than one of his stories has been adapted for the stage and won high praise. *The Heiress* was a big success on Broadway and in the West End. The latest Henry James story to be dramatised is his famous *The Turn of the Screw*. The play won two awards from New York critics for the "best direction of the year." Peter Glenville, who was acclaimed in New York, is also responsible for the direction of the London production. The scene is set in an English country house in 1880, where the four characters—governess, two children and housekeeper—are caught up in a spell of supernatural terror. Fifteen-year-old Jeremy Spenser, who plays the boy, has already won success on the screen for his playing of the conductor prodigy in the film *Prelude to Fame*.

THE BITER BIT: The murder which went wrong in Frederick Knott's *Dial 'M' for Murder*, at the Westminster Theatre. Captain Lesgate (Olaf Pooley) attempts to strangle Sheila Wendice (Jane Baxter), but is himself stabbed to death. Frederick Knott's first play, which was first performed on television, has received high praise from the critics, many of whom compared it with the classic *Ten-Minute Alibi*. The highly ingenious plot is logically worked out and gives Emrys Jones, as the machinator of the murder plan, an opportunity for a most carefully-studied characterisation. The audience is never tricked in this cleverly-written play and can follow the murderer's twists, when his plan goes astray, with all the knowledge that he himself possesses. Frederick Knott, who wrote the play, which involves a tennis champion and a film-script writer, himself qualifies in both categories. He was captain of the Cambridge tennis team and, after the war, wrote film scripts.

WILFRED PICKLES RETURNS TO THE STAGE: The famous broadcaster is seen with the greyhound which causes all the trouble in Joseph Colton's farcical comedy, *The Gay Dog*, at the Piccadilly Theatre. On the left is Anthony Oliver as the unsuccessful suitor to the hand of Wilfred Pickles' stage daughter. So great has been the success of Wilfred Pickles in his "Have a Go!" series on the radio that it is sometimes forgotten that he is an experienced stage actor. Six years ago he took over Robert Donat's part in *The Cure for Love*, at the Westminster Theatre, and last year he played in *Hobson's Choice* in Blackpool. *The Gay Dog* is a homely comedy about a Durham miner whose affections are divided between his family and his greyhound, with first place going to the greyhound. Complications with the local parson, who disapproves of betting, with unwelcome cousins and with the daughter's suitors provide a good-humoured although unoriginal story. Dogs, boy friends and relations combine to provide the inevitable happy ending.

THE NEW CLAERWEN DAM IN THE ELAN VALLEY, RHAYADER, RADNORSHIRE, WHICH IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION AND IS TO BE OPENED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN OCTOBER : The Dam, which has been under construction for Birmingham Corporation since 1945, is the largest in the British Isles. The outer wall rises to a height of about 2,000 ft. and imprisoned behind it will be a permanent store of 10,000,000,000 gallons of water. The reservoir itself is 4½ miles long. Claerwen will not supply Birmingham direct. Supplies as needed will be released via the River Claerwen into the Caban Reservoir. Italian workers have played a part in the construction of the dam and are now completing their task on the masonry wall.

THE RISE OF CLAERWEN

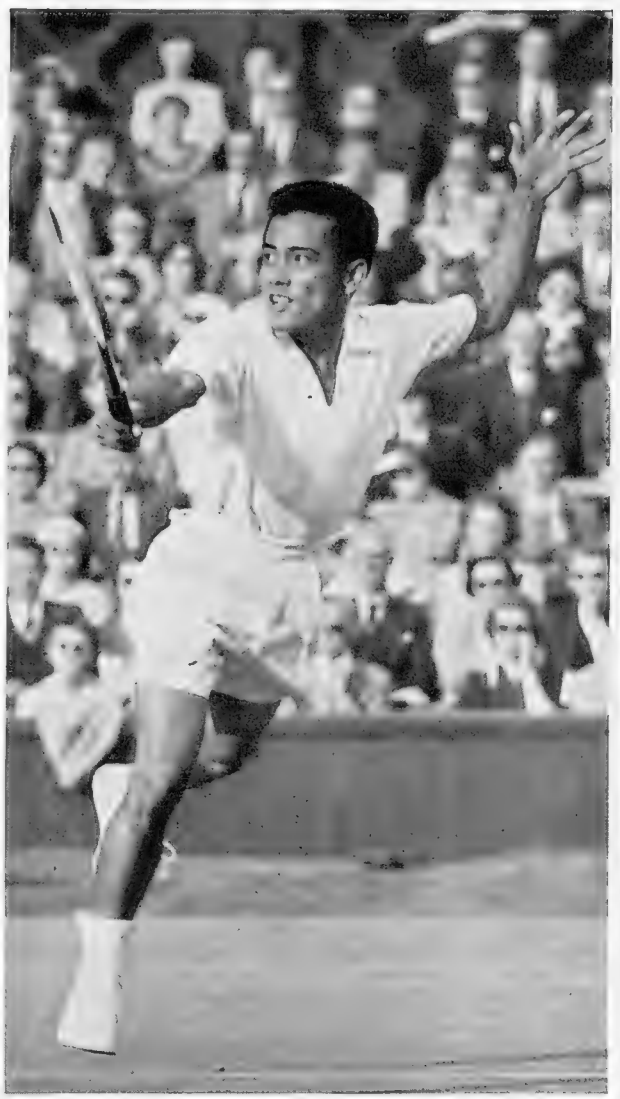
A MIGHTY NEW DAM IN THE WELSH HILLS, IMPRISONING WATER FOR THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM

On left—

THE VAST NATURAL RESERVOIR BUILT UP BEHIND THE CLAERWEN DAM : This aerial view, looking across the face of the dam, shows the nature of the Elan Valley. The Queen will visit Claerwen on October 23, just before her visit to Shrewsbury School on its 400th anniversary.

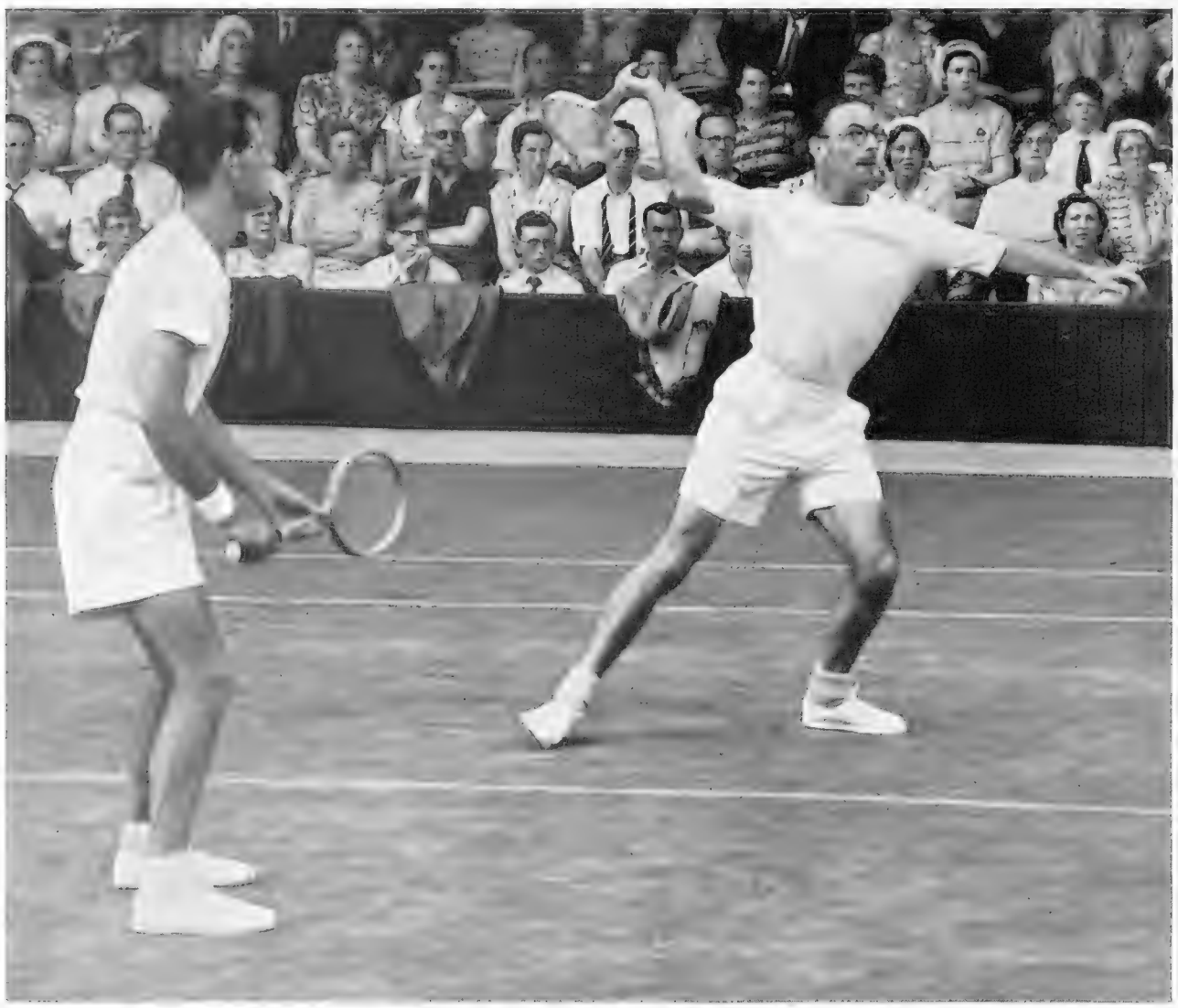
IN ACTION on the WIMBLEDON COURTS

SOME NOTABLE EXPONENTS OF LAWN TENNIS IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF 1952

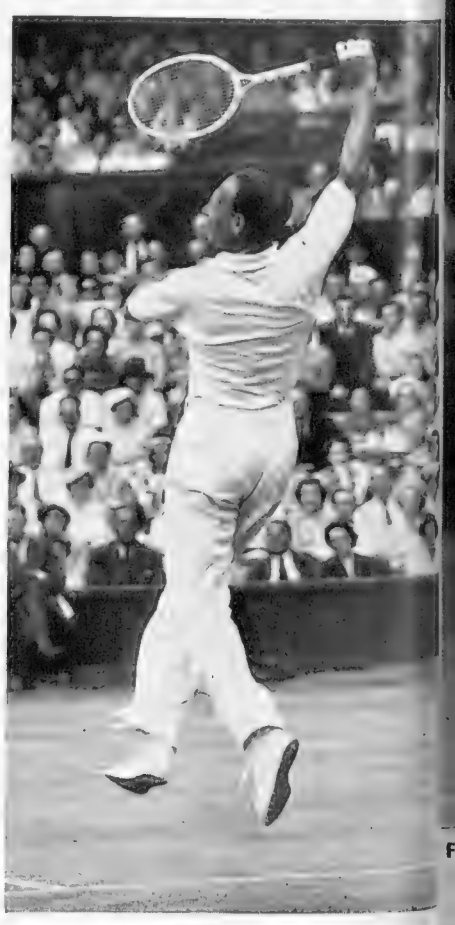


TWO GIANT-KILLERS OF THE EARLY ROUNDS OF THE BATTLE FOR THE MEN'S SINGLES TITLE AT WIMBLEDON: *Left*—T. Johannson, of Sweden, in action in the first round when he beat Art Larsen, one of the seeded players from the United States, by 10—8, 2—6, 6—4, 6—2. The Swede, who is a great favourite at Wimbledon, completely dominated Larsen at some stages of the match, and there was great applause when he served four aces in succession in one game without response from his opponent's racket. *Right*—Felicismo Ampon, of the Philippines, who created another surprise in the early stages of the tournament when he defeated the seeded American player, Hamilton Richardson, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The match went to five sets, the first two being won by Richardson, who later showed signs of fatigue.

HANS REDL, THE ONE-ARMED AUSTRIAN PLAYER, MET ERIC STURGESS, OF SOUTH AFRICA, IN THE OPENING ROUND AT WIMBLEDON: Redl is seen in this picture taking a return on the backhand. Despite his physical handicap he displays superb balance. He managed in the first set to reach 5—3 and needed one point for the set game before Sturgess exerted his obvious superiority. Hans Redl is one of Austria's Davis Cup players.



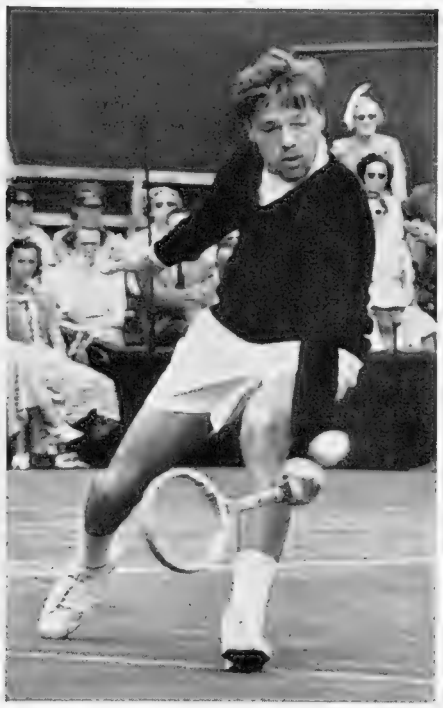
IN THE COOL OF A SUMMER EVENING, BRITAIN'S DAVIS CUP PAIR WERE AT THEIR BRIGHTEST AND BEST: Mottram is seen watching his partner, Paish, smash a lofted return in their match against the American pair, I. Dorfman and G. Golden. It was a most enjoyable match, with some fine rallies. The final score in favour of Mottram and Paish was 9—7, 6—4, 3—6, 6—3. In their first-round doubles Mottram and Paish accounted for Candy and Rose, and from the outset hopes were high that the British Davis Cup pair might go far in the tournament.



On right—
THE BOUNDING BASQUE IS STILL BOUNDING UPON THE ALL-ENGLAND COURTS: Jean Borotra seen in action in his doubles match in which he was partnered by Destremeau. Their victorious opponents were Mulloy and Savitt. Borotra's days as a singles player are over, but he is still effective in doubles.

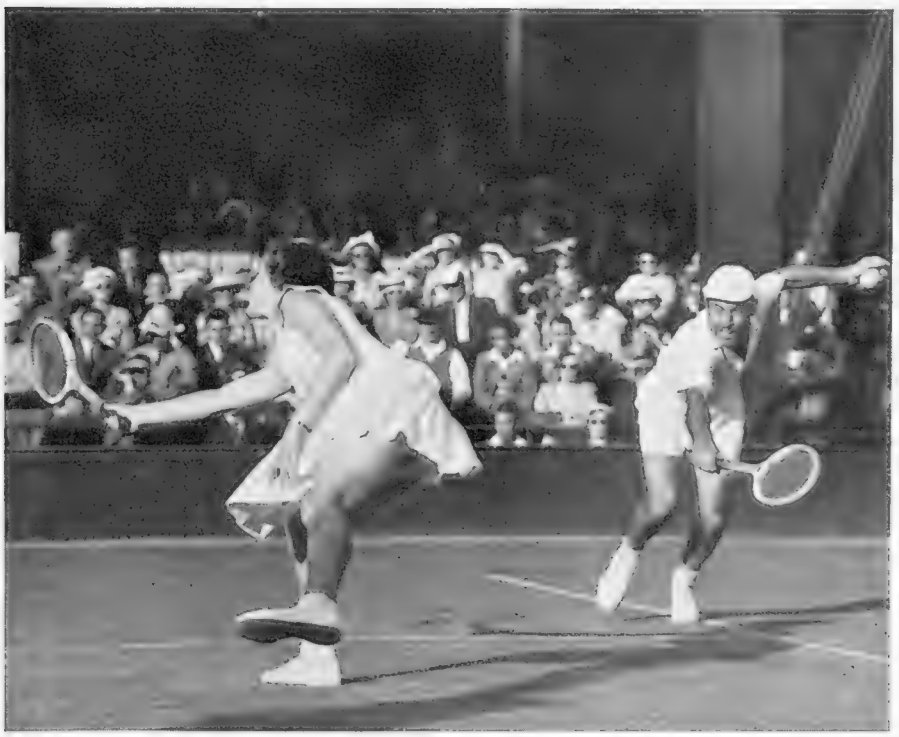
A GRACEFUL FIGURE FROM SWITZERLAND: Miss V. Rigollet serving in her match against Mrs. T. D. Long, of Australia. Miss Rigollet won her way through to the third round of the tournament, but was not able to extend the seeded Australian. She is an attractive player to watch in action, and being only twenty-one, it is thought that her game may well develop along the right lines. At the moment, however, none of the women players in Britain or on the Continent develop anything like the hitting power of the Americans.

STOCKENBERG, THE SWEDE WHOM MULLOY TALKED OFF THE COURT: Stockenberg, who won the first two sets, was forced to retire through cramp in the fifth set. He was at cross purposes with Mulloy during the match, Stockenberg alleging that every time they crossed over Mulloy complained that he was foot-faulting.



UNCONVENTIONAL COSTUME IN TWO OPPOSING PLAYERS ON THE CENTRE COURT: *Left*—The bearded T. Ulrich, of Denmark, in play against Flam, of the United States. Ulrich wore a black sweater. Ulrich is left-handed and produces at times most disconcerting strokes. *Right*—Flam making a back-hand return to Ulrich. Flam was well extended by the Dane, and at one time looked like losing a set.

FLYING DUTCHMAN: A. C. Van Swol, one of the members of the fast-diminishing long-trouser brigade, in play during his match against Drobny, when he made his exit after a promising start. In the first round Van Swol beat Hopman.



A MIXED DOUBLES PAIR IN PLAY: Jaime Bartroli, of Spain, and Mrs. Wedderburn, of South Africa, the former covering for the latter during a hectic spell in their third-round match with Mervyn Rose, of Australia, and Maureen Connolly (Little Mo), of the United States. The Australian-American team was too strong for the Spanish-South African partnership, the losers gaining only one game in each set.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

IN AUSTRIA, YESTERDAY LIVES TO-DAY

Particularly in the Small Country Inns, which Without Exception Offer the Warmest of Welcomes to the Traveller from Abroad

IT was just forty years ago, when I was a lad, that I made my first visit to Austria, and immediately fell under its magical spell. Since then I have returned on several occasions and each subsequent visit has strengthened the memory of those initial happy impressions. For although this romantic land has suffered so much and seen so many changes as a result of two wars, nevertheless it has managed to retain "a certain Jollitie of Mind, pickled in the Scorn of Fortune," and remains one of those rare parts of Europe where yesterday still lives to-day; while no country on the Continent guarantees to the traveller more scenic thrills, a larger helping of enchanting beauty, or a warmer welcome.

To-day the British holidaymaker is necessarily confined to Western Austria and the southern Lake District: Vorarlberg, Tyrol, South Carinthia, Salzburg and the Salzkammergut. Vienna, the charming but rather unreal capital, is also open to those who possess the necessary Permit (Grey Card, easily obtainable) if entry is made by road or rail along a Soviet-prescribed route, but this card is not needed for arrivals by air. In this article I propose to confine myself to Western Austria, the goal of most foreign tourists and offering the cream of the country's scenery as well as those two perfect cities, Innsbruck and Salzburg.

Apart from differentiating between some definite winter or summer resorts, there are few places in Western Austria where you will not enjoy yourself. No other country in Europe, indeed, merits such a wide recommendation. There are, of course, the fashionable and popular centres to which people from all over the world flock—with a natural raising of hotel prices—but it is so easy for those who wish to do so to escape off this beaten track and to discover delectable spots where one can live comfortably and happily in some simple hotel or inn on a modest sum.

I want to say a few words and sing the praises of the Austrian inn, for these public hostelries still retain the spirit, or atmosphere, of the past. They are, in fact, still used by inn-worthy, or, as Dr. Johnson called them, "clubbable," people, and it is in the small country inns that you find an amazingly rich heritage, for without exception they offer the warmest of welcomes with effortless hospitality. They give of their best as a matter of course, and even to-day very few have been ruined by the evil spirit of commercialism, the fate of most good inns in other lands, not least in Britain.

Let me give just one example: an inn at which I stayed in the ancient little town of Rattenberg, in the Tyrol. This mecca for artists comes on you quite suddenly. The train emerges from a short tunnel, and you arrive forthwith at its tiny station. The castle on the knoll, the spire and cupola of its church, and the mountainside behind, all present a fairy-book appearance. I soon found a large room in a glorious medieval inn which had rambling passages and 6-ft.-thick walls. Downstairs there were five or six guests as I sat down to eat. Afterwards the innkeeper and his wife invited some of us into the huge kitchen, and there we sat till after midnight, talking, eating snacks, drinking and singing songs. We talked of "mice and men" and the state of the universe, and when at last I rose to go to my bed I knew that I had been taught a great deal that I did not know. We were none of us in that room very profound thinkers, it may be, but I certainly felt I understood the Austrian people better than I did before. And perhaps they understood the British people a little better too.

All over Austria you will find these modest and extremely cheap inns—provided you possess the necessary exploratory travel-sense. Sometimes they are on the main roads, more often on side roads, and occasionally on no road at all, but only beside a path that winds its way through field and forest. I hope, indeed, these paths may never become main roads.

In contrast, there are the two enchanting cities of Innsbruck and Salzburg. I know that to-day their hotels, with an international clientele, menu-cards printed in French and waiters in boiled shirts, are often beyond the restricted scope of a Briton's purse, but it is usually possible, with the help of the local information offices, to secure pleasant accommodation in private homes, or else to lodge at reasonable rates in some hotel on the outskirts.

I love Innsbruck, where at the end of almost every street the mountains look down on you, and I can dawdle away time there with the greatest of ease. And in my meanderings there will be leisurely breaks to drink coffee *mit schlag* (a mound of white, whipped cream) at the delightful Katzung café, to eat superbly—the Hellensteiner Hotel can be strongly recommended—and then, in the evenings, to sit in some romantic wine-cellar, such as Happ's or Jorgel's. It is difficult to imagine a more idyllic way of occupying one's time on holiday. Incidentally, Innsbruck is an excellent centre for interesting excursions.

Concerning Salzburg, also an excellent excursion centre and perhaps the most captivating city in Austria, as well as being one of the gems of Europe, it refuses to be catalogued. No one can visit it and remain unmoved, for it is beauty on earth. And you do not have to search for this beauty, as you have to do in most other famous cities, for the whole city is the thing, and not a few isolated buildings in it. From a local booklet written by an Englishman I quote the following brief extract: "I would say, in all seriousness, that the man who can remain unmoved by the perfect city of Salzburg, who can enter into her for the first time and come away the same man he went in—that man, I would say, like the man that hath no music in himself nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

A VILLAGE IN VORARLBERG: In this delightful and somewhat neglected province there is a wide choice of small resorts where prices are particularly reasonable. Vorarlberg, the nearest Austrian province to the Channel ports, adjoins Bavaria, Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Austrian Tyrol.

Outside of these two towns, Austria's chief appeal is to the active open-air holidaymaker. For those who would like to tramp or climb amidst excellent Alpine scenery I can recommend the services offered by the Austrian Alpine Club, which has a U.K. Branch (143, New Bond Street, London, W.1). The cost of joining this organisation is only a few shillings, and for this subscription you can stay in any of the club's many hundreds of châlets throughout the higher parts of the Austrian Alps at modest cost. Meals and accommodation can easily be covered with 15s. to 20s. a day.

THE KRISTALLKOPF, IN AUSTRIAN TYROL: Tyrol offers some of the most spectacular scenery in Europe. It lies partly in Italy and partly in Austria, but if possible should be seen as a whole.

For the summer the U.K. Branch arranges walking tours from hut to hut, as well as from Alpine centres, also rock and ice training courses and expeditions, summer ski-ing and itineraries for independent touring. During the winter small parties are made up to introduce beginners to the art of ski-ing and to provide ski-touring for the more advanced. There is also a juvenile section for escorted groups under the age of eighteen. The Club has its own chartered air-services between London and Innsbruck and Salzburg, the return fare being much the same as for all-in train travel (third class). There are also regular air services operating between London, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Linz and Vienna. In certain instances there are excursion fares. Then, in addition to air and train travel, certain travel agents offer comfortable coach journeys with no night travel. The trip, each way, takes three-and-a-half days, and there is a different route for the outward and homeward journeys.

There are many visitors who are quite content to spend their holidays in Austria at small resorts. They have a wide choice, especially in the many valleys of the Vorarlberg (a delightful and somewhat neglected province, and the nearest by rail from the Channel ports) and the Tyrol. Often in these places there are only two or three small hotels, so that individual recommendation is hardly desirable.

For those who like to make their own selection I would suggest their proceeding first to a centre from which local bus services radiate. Bludenz, in the Vorarlberg, and Imst and Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, are suggestions. A day or two spent in valley exploration would surely bring satisfactory results; otherwise a good travel agent should ensure your being suitably fixed up. Obviously, the farther you are from the railway, the cheaper are the hotel rates, and you can still find all-in terms at a pound, or even less, a day.

Lastly, there are the lake resorts, most of which are to be found in Carinthia and the Salzkammergut. In the former province the largest lake is the Woerthersee, one of the warmest stretches of water in Central Europe, and where you can bathe in comfort well into October. Velden is the largest resort, but I prefer the smaller Poertschach—the Hotel Prüller is most comfortable, and lies close to the water's edge. The Millstattersee, the province's second-largest lake, offers the popular resort of Millstatt, where you can find excellent accommodation in a former Benedictine monastery (Hotel Lindenhof) founded over eight centuries ago. Three smaller lakes, all of which are lovely, are the Ossiachersee, the Weissensee and the Faakersee.

In the Salzkammergut my first choice of resorts would be the delectable Hallstalt, on the Hallstaettersee, the sternest and most imposing of the Austrian lakes, and Traunkirchen, on the Traunsee. This latter village is sheer perfection, with its little white church perching on its rock over the water, and the grim mountain of Traunstein facing it across the lake. The scenic effects in the early morning and at dusk are glorious.

Should you wish further information about Austria, the Austria State Tourist Department, 23, Prince's House, 190, Piccadilly, London, W.1, can be of assistance.

Gordon Cooper

NEW SHAPES in the WESTERN SKIES

Britain's New Anti-submarine Aircraft; the Test Flight of the Boeing Stratofortress; and a Longer Hull for an Old Seaplane

On right—

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE PRODUCTION-TYPE FAIREY GANNET IN FLIGHT: Ordered in quantity for service with the Royal Navy, the Fairey Gannet is a three-seat carrier-based anti-submarine aircraft, powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley Double Mamba twin-propeller turbine engine. This picture shows the aircraft with its two small additional tail-fins. The prototype, the Fairey 17, the first prop-jet aircraft to touch down on the deck of a carrier, was a two-seater. The Gannet has double-fold wings to facilitate stowage aboard ship and a radar scanner aft of the large bomb-bay. The position of the pilot's cockpit ensures excellent forward and downward vision for patrol and deck operation. The double Mamba gives the aerodynamic advantages of twin-engine performance from a single installation. The aircraft can be flown with either of the twin turbines stopped, hence increasing flight endurance. The span of the Gannet is 54 ft. 4 ins., the length 43 ft. and the height 13 ft. 9 ins. There is a possibility that the Gannet will later be produced for N.A.T.O. Powers. The first prototype Fairey 17 flew for the first time in September 1950.

THE GIANT NEW BOEING YB 52 STRATOFORTRESS PREPARES TO TAKE OFF FOR A TEST FLIGHT FROM THE BOEING FIELD AT SEATTLE: The B 52 utilises an unusual double tandem landing-gear composed of eight main wheels with small "protection" wheels retracting into the wing-tips. This picture was released by the United States Air Force in view of the fact that it is now no longer practical to maintain security concerning exterior details of the aircraft while test flights are made from this field. The wing-span of the new jet bomber is 185 ft., length 153 ft. and tail height 48 ft. The machine is powered by eight Pratt and Whitney J 57 jet engines mounted in pairs on sharply-raked forward pods under thin, high-speed, swept-back wings.

On left—

AN OLD FLYING-BOAT WITH A NEW HULL BOTTOM—THE GLEN L. MARTIN RESEARCH MODEL M 270 ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FROM CHESAPEAKE BAY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: Only the lower portion of the hull is new, but the design goes a long way in the advancement of a programme of study and experimentation which has been going on for years. The M 270's wing and crown section were originally built for a PBM Mariner and later used for the XP5M-1, now in production at the Martin works at Maryland, as the P5M-1 Marlin anti-submarine seaplane. The new hull is 12 ft. longer than that of the XP5M-1. Apart from giving the seaplanes more efficient structural bodies, the longer, slimmer hulls will be better suited to jet engines.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

DUVEEN, AN ART MERCHANT ADVENTURER

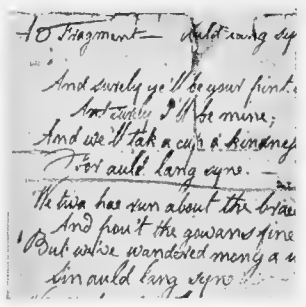
An Amusing, Sometimes Wildly Funny, and Absorbing Book About the Greatest Salesman the Art World Has Ever Known

AN amusing, a really absorbing book has been written about Joseph Duveen, the world-famous art dealer, and the best chapter in it is about Bernard Berenson. Duveen dealt in millions of dollars and his purchases and sales made headline news throughout the last thirty years of his life. It was one of his *dicta* that you could get all the pictures you wanted at £10,000 apiece, but that to get pictures at £50,000 apiece took some doing. Berenson was, and is, the foremost authority on Italian art of the Renaissance, and for a time he was Duveen's adviser on the authenticity of paintings of that period, though he would never be concerned with the business of selling. The split between these two men, each extraordinary in a very different way, came when Duveen was negotiating the sale of a painting claimed as one of the rare and immensely valuable Giorgiones, which Berenson said was the work of Titian, a far more productive, and therefore less valuable painter. Whoever painted it, this is a wonderful picture, and it hangs now in Washington's National Gallery, but the rift caused by this difference of opinion was never healed.

DUVEEN (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is an immensely entertaining book, the biography of a Yorkshire-born son of a Hull shopkeeper, who became the most spectacular art dealer of all time. He bought and sold in millions of dollars, journeying perpetually between Europe, where he stocked up, and America, where he sold. His clients were a picked handful of the greatest American millionaires, and to them he behaved autocratically, persuading them that he alone could find them the memorable pictures that were worthy of their collections and that prices less than those he asked were beneath their notice. A friend of his described him as a lovable buccaneer. There have been other opinions. But of them all, Mr. S. N. Behrman makes a synthesis and a portrait that is sometimes wildly funny, always astute, and occasionally quite alarming in its glimpses of those pre-war millionaires. *Mais où sont les cheques d'antan?*

There is more than a suggestion of robber barons, one way and another, about Mr. Behrman's book, which takes us not unnaturally to Mr. Budu Svanidze's biographical sketch, MY UNCLE JOE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Svanidze is still in early middle age, his uncle is still alive, though there are rumours that his health is not all that it should be. The nephew-author writes affectionately and intimately of the older man, with whom he had often been on fishing parties, in remote forest lodges and at birthday dinners, cooked by Uncle Joe's deft hand. As a chronicle of family affection, even with the exotic setting, the book would attract little attention, if it did not just happen that Uncle Joe were Stalin. For the rest, the book is naïve and ostensibly non-political.

ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST'S WIFE (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.) is a book which has much in common with its exact and slightly old-fashioned title, for it has the virtues of exact recording, lack of artificial sensation, and thoroughly good documentation, such as one found in Victorian volumes of the kind. Mrs. Eleanor Bor, however, wife of a member of the Indian Forest Service, who was also a botanist, has more than these qualities to offer in her book, for it is soon evident that her humour and detachment, as well as her exploits, make the book what it is. The author's husband is now the Assistant Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, but during the many years with which the book deals he was both Forestry Officer and Political Officer in the Himalayan foothills, and it is of these times Mrs. Bor writes, emphasising the fact that she was never a botanist herself, but giving the reader, nevertheless, a vivid and likeable picture of mountain and jungle travel. Pests, in her analysis, rarely included tigers, but generally leeches (one species known to them as "striped perishers"), sandflies, ticks, cockroaches, hornets and centipedes. Taken by and large, an occasional tiger must have been a comparative treat. Dr. and Mrs. Bor not only travelled among the hill tribes of Assam, but made real friends among them, learning their dialects and, more important, their likes and dislikes. They attended murder trials and trials by ordeal, they travelled indomitably, and best of all, they liked what they found. This, to sum it up, is the book of a "doer" rather than a thinker, and once in a way such books are more than welcome.



"AULD LANG SYNE" IS SOLD FOR £1,500: A porter is seen holding up the holograph manuscript of Robert Burns' *Auld Lang Syne* during the lively bidding which took place at last week's sale at Sotheby's. The manuscript is seen in greater detail *on the left*. It was bought by Colonel T. C. Dunlop, honorary secretary of the Burns Museum at Alloway. The manuscript was offered for sale by Miss D. M. Robinson.

"Whether travel broadens the mind or not, I have never been sure," writes Mr. David Walker with admirable calm, in the foreword to a wholly contemporary travel book, "All too often it can turn the traveller into a self-centred bore whose horizon is limited to tedious reminiscence and faded albums of indifferent photographs. ('That's the lion, and that's me standing beside it. Jack isn't in, because he was down with dysentery at the time.')" We all know the kind of book that that kind of travel produces, and we can all applaud Mr. Walker's modesty. In fact, his book of sketches on his travels as a newspaper correspondent based on Paris is lively, fresh and seems as "sturdy and reliable" as the beard he grew when on a mission to Korea. I GO WHERE I 'M SENT (Chapman and Hall. 15s.) is a reasonable title for a foreign correspondent's book, and one that is blessedly free from the omniscience of its counterparts.

I have yet to read a novel or a memoir written by a poet which has not moved me by the exquisite economy of its wording, or the clarity of its thought. Mr. Richard Church's new novel, THE NIGHTINGALE (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), is a case in point, for this story is a miracle of compression without confusion, and of emotion recorded in detachment. It opens with an understated but effective sketch of a house the day after a funeral, and of a widower and his two daughters. To the household comes a German, a business associate of the father's, who hopes to marry the older sister yet antagonises her by recognising the other girl's possibilities as a singer. In the end, both his projects are successful, and the story ends on a happy if ironic note, but the novel's distinction is in the penetration with which the characters are portrayed, and in the rightness of the words chosen to describe them.

The atmosphere and something of the space and sunlight of the Transvaal come into Mr. Lewis Sowden's novel, FAMILY CROMER (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), although it is in essence the story of a small town, of a shy, unathletic boy, and of the small town's leading family. Although the setting is South African, and well conveyed, the plot might be that of a hundred American novels with their preoccupation with little communities and local tycoons. On the whole this is a satisfactory novel avoiding that common pitfall of exaggerated nostalgia for the scenes of youth.

A YEAR PASSED (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is one of those tense, introverted novels, as fascinating as a crossword puzzle to one who has the knack of them, and irritating to one who has not. Miss Louise Collis writes without simplicity but with a haunting kind of power, and, once read, or once mastered, the involutions of her style have a meaning, and it is plain that they suit the quirks and human foibles of the novel's cast. A man and his wife quarrel, and shortly after, their adolescent daughter sees the man fall to his death from a cliff. At first the girl seems unaffected, but soon it is obvious that she is suffering from suppressed shock and needs love and comfort. In the end, her problem is resolved, and the degrees by which she recovers stability are shown with the brilliance of a born, if difficult, writer.

ASHANTI BLOOD (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is the name of a small plant of great beauty that grows in the Gold Coast, and Miss Ann Mary Fielding has chosen it as the title of her new novel, which relates the trials, joys and disasters of a group of white people living near the workings of a small gold-mine. Although the African sights, sounds and smells come vividly to life in these pages, it is with human beings rather than scenery that the author is concerned. This is a stronger piece of work than any that this author has shown us yet; a far cry from her *Mayfair Squatters*, with its sparkle and gaiety.

There never seems to be any doubt when the novelist has enjoyed writing a book; the vitality in the work always proclaims it, and so it is with Mr. Donald C. Eyre's DRUMBEAT (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), a tale of the Peninsular War. The idea is a good one, the writing simple and forceful, and the pace tremendous. I thought I detected a few undertones of C. S. Forester now and then. But still, that is a fine model for the writer of this type of adventure story, and one can but wish more power to Mr. Eyre's elbow—and his pen.

THE CONQUEST OF TIRICH MIR

The Enthralling Narrative of the Norwegian Himalayan Expedition

Throughout the 500 miles of its length, from its roots among the Pamirs until it fades into the Koh-i-baba, west of Kabul, the range of the Hindu Kush rises in lofty splendour, its lower passes, poised between Oxus and Indus, forming the old traditional road from High Asia to Chitral and Jalalabad, the road that the merchants took in their quest for gain. To the south-west the Hindu Kush range assumes an even greater dominance, a wild inaccessibility, and upon one of its southern spurs is the square-headed giant called Tirich Mir, which, until two years ago, had defied all comers from the West, Britain and German alike, in so doing no doubt confirming the superstitious fears of the Chitralese regarding the inviolability of the mountain and the mysterious forces bent to its protection. With the advent of the Norwegian Himalayan Expedition in 1950, however, this formidable peak was conquered, and in TIRICH MIR (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.), members of that well-organised party tell the story of their dangerous and victorious journey, of the first abortive assault, and then the final attack, with a main party going on in advance and the lone Per Kuernberg charged with the rush tactics which, in the end, brought him first to the summit. On the next evening, at sunset, the main party also reached their goal, planting the flags of Norway, Pakistan and the United Nations upon the summit of the great Asian divide where Kuernberg had even managed to drag a 30-lb. stone which he had taken from the north-west side of the mountain. There, spread out before the conquering Norwegians, were views of China, Soviet Russia and Afghanistan, and near at hand, amid the swirling, drifting clouds, peaks the height of Mont Blanc utterly dwarfed by the mightier peaks around them. Told with modesty, this book reflects the true spirit of those who tread the high places of the world, while the scientific aspects of the expedition blend neatly with the more dramatic passages. Over all there is a deep sense of the comradeship of the Norwegians and their native porters as they struggled upward together in a land of mystery and enchantment.

Of the three famous Powys brothers, those Welsh ambassadors who have adorned the literary scene in the present century, Llewellyn, the youngest, has most steadily increased in reputation, but sadly enough some of his most eagerly-sought works are at present out of print. Kenneth Hopkins therefore does a service with his selection from the writings of LLEWELLYN POWYS (Macdonald. 16s.), which now makes its appearance. Here are passages from *Impassioned Clay*, *The Cradle of God*, *Love and Death*, and a dozen other books which have contributed to Llewellyn Powys's growing fame.

We have heard of a British Colonel serving during the Second World War in the German Army, and of counter-espionage among Resistance forces in Europe carried to such lengths that it has not been sorted out to this day who was bluffing whom, and now comes a story no less extraordinary in its ramifications. In I LED THREE LIVES (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), Herbert A. Philbrick describes his work as a solid citizen in an American advertising concern, his work as a member of the inner ring of the Communist Party in the United States, and his work as a counter-spy employed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. All three jobs he did with thoroughness, and quite properly he dedicates his remarkable story of those nine years lived in triplicate to his wife Eva, "who proved that she could keep a secret." The first details of this dramatic story came to public knowledge after Mr. Philbrick had been called upon to spring the trap on eleven of America's Communist leaders at the New York trial in 1949, when, as he says, the court was electrified and the defendants astounded at the emergence of the star witness. This book has all the qualities of a modern thriller, and will certainly give the reader pause for thought regarding the political structure of America in these hazardous days.

Mind and body are one. That is the view which doctor and patient alike accept to-day, but which few people cared to consider a century ago. Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker has looked into this question of the relationships of bodily illness to conflicts in the mind, and in his new volume, THE WILL TO LIVE (Victor Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), he sets down his experiences of this dynamic interaction of mind and body, bringing forward a series of case histories of people who have made themselves ill by unconscious compulsion. He shows, too, how doctors may use this kind of knowledge in effecting cures, or, rather, in helping patients to cure themselves. Most of these case histories are enthralling, some depressing, for they are indicative of man's inhumanity to man and capacity for inflicting mental cruelty, and some are elevating, for they show how much can be overcome by a right and proper understanding of the ills to which we lay ourselves open. Dr. Hutschnecker's book is for the most part plain common sense, occasionally over-plain and over-simplified, and it might have come from the self-helpful pages of Samuel Smiles, but all of it is no doubt worth saying, if need be again and again, in the long, upward struggle for world health.

T. P. Camerer Cuss, the head of an ancient watch-making firm in London, is the author of THE STORY OF WATCHES (MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.), an account of the development of this kind of timepiece, which had its origin in the portable clocks of the fifteenth century.

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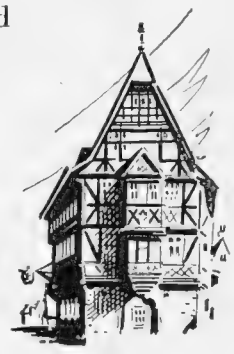

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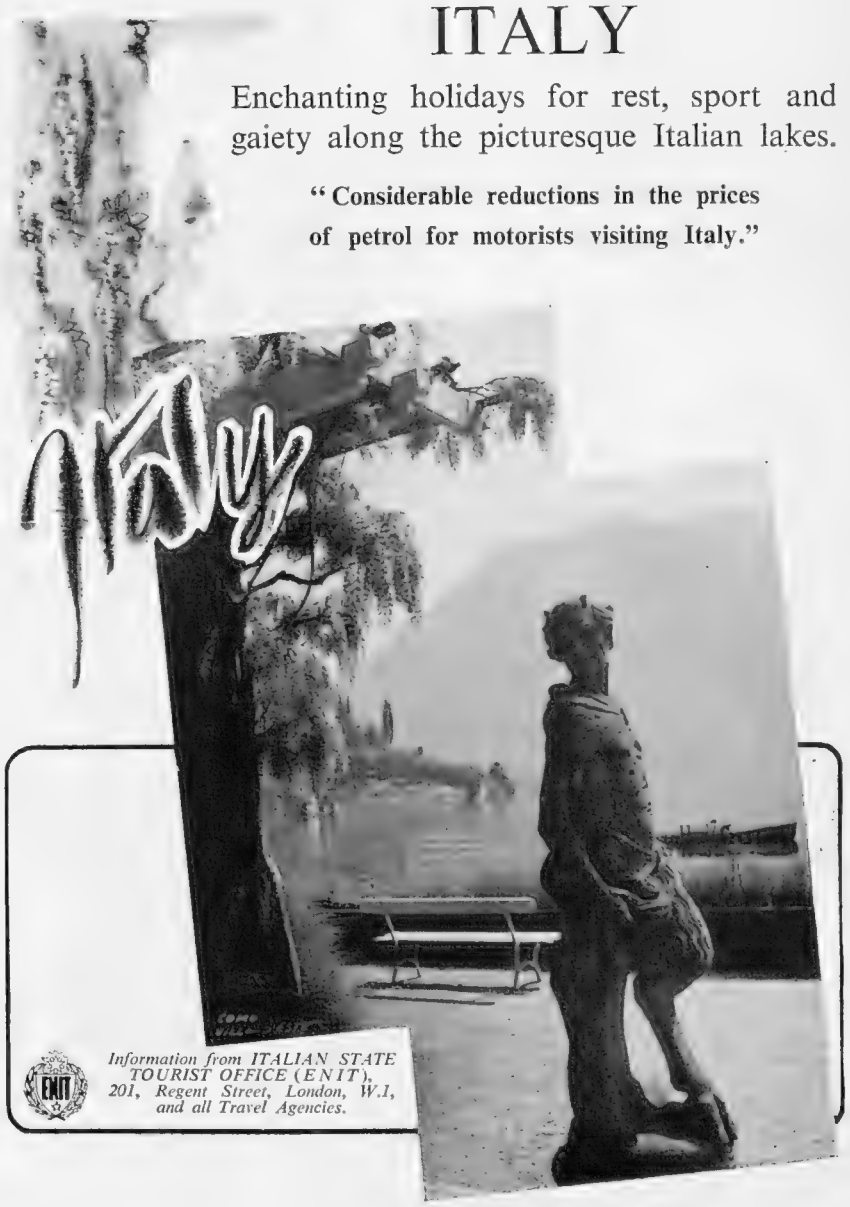

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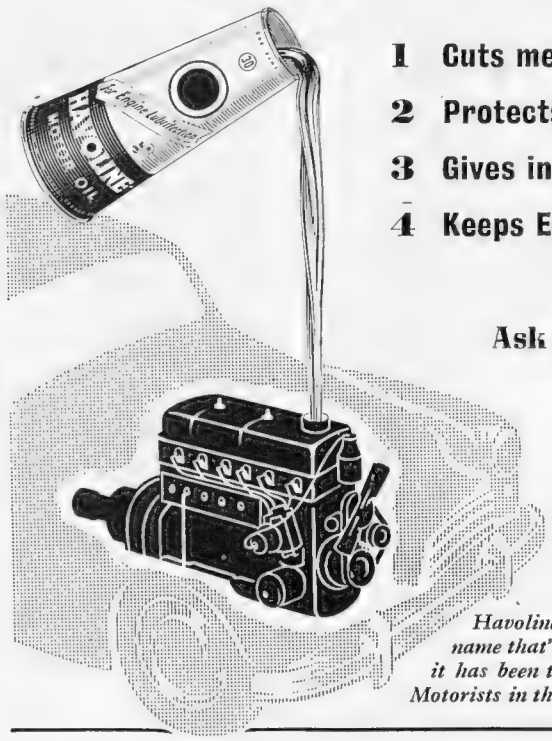

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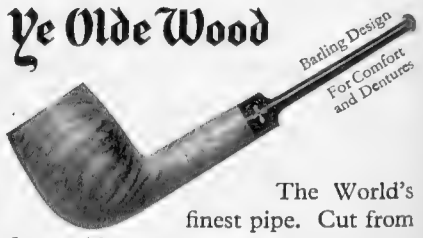

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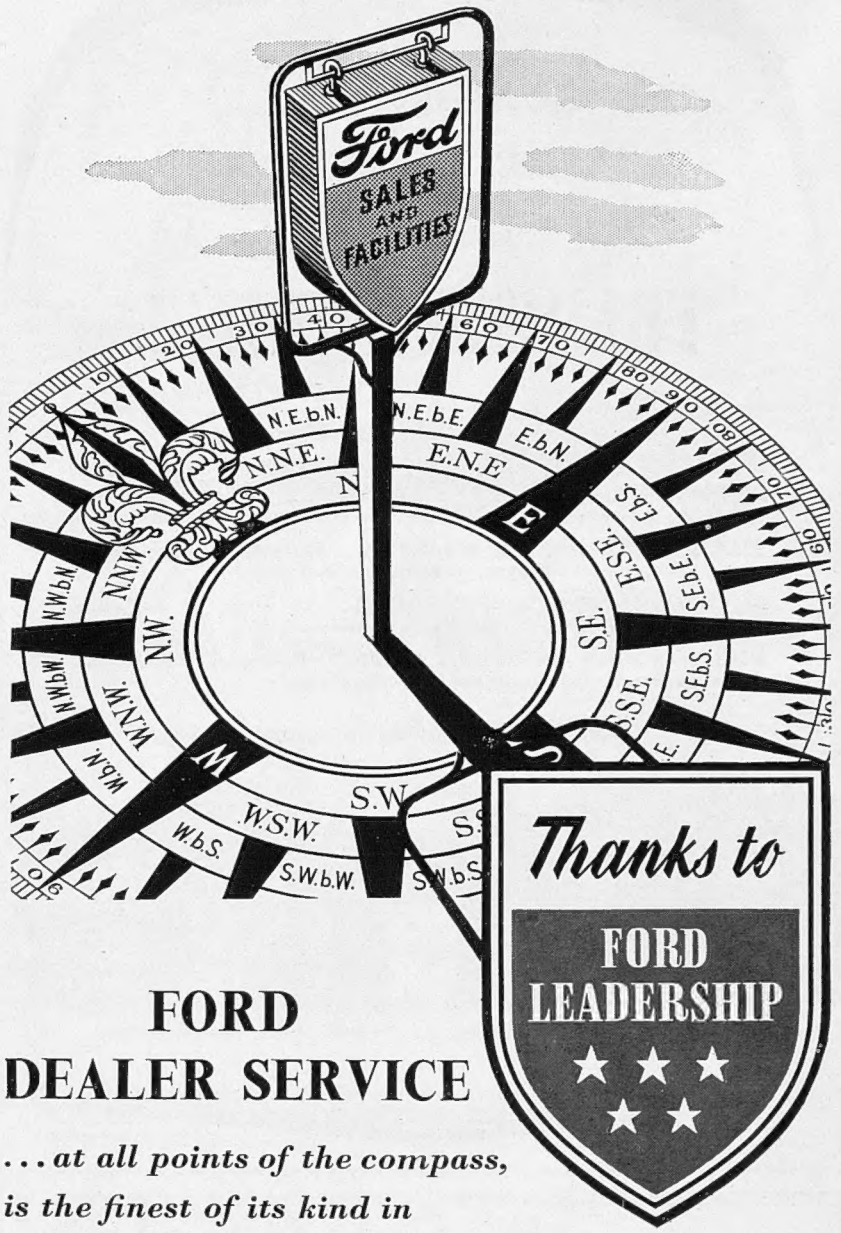

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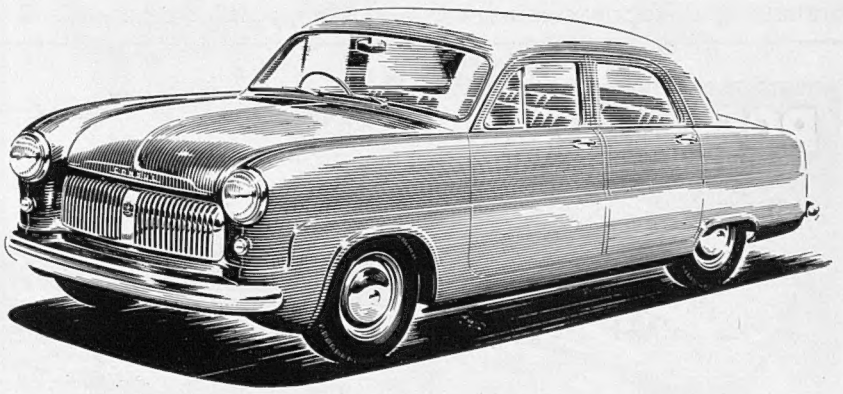

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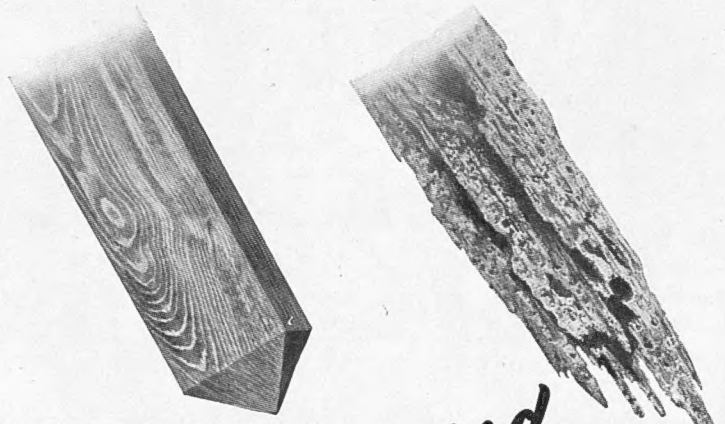

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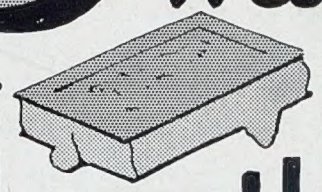

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